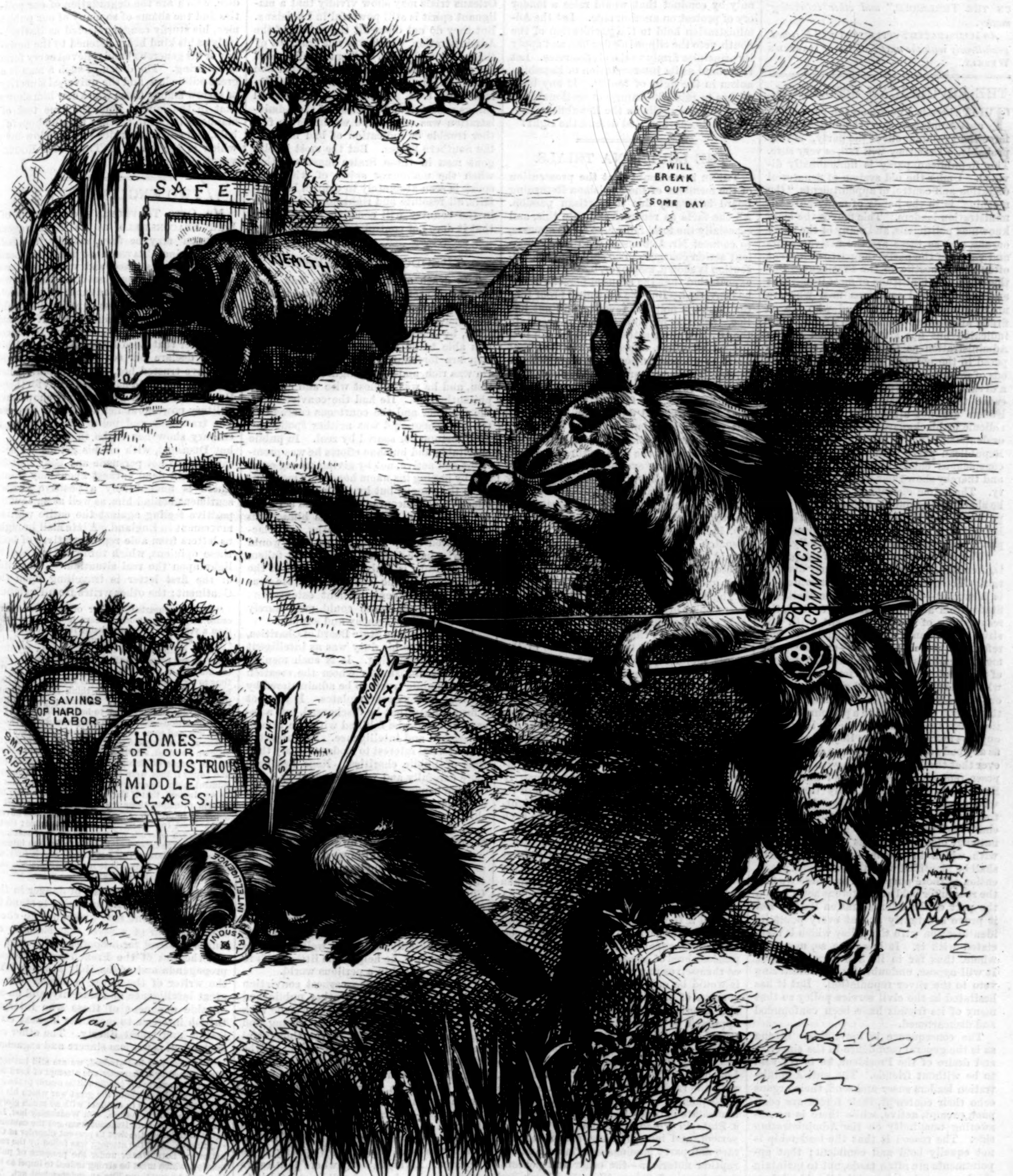
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXII.—No. 1105.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


SAFE
WEALTH
WILL BREAK OUT SOME DAY
POLITICAL COMMUNISM
SAVINGS OF HARD LABOR
SMALL CAPITAL
HOMES OF OUR INDUSTRIOUS MIDDLE CLASS.
90 CENT $ SILVER $
INCOME TAX.
INTELLIGENCE
INDUSTRY
Th. Nast

NATURAL HISTORY.

"STATESMAN." "I aimed at *Him*."

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 2, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a splendid portrait of*

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

engraved from the portrait by William E. Marshall, *another installment of* "A Shadow on the Threshold," *and other interesting matter.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.

That there is a desire on the part of the anti-Administration Republicans "to force the President out of the party," is very probable. That they will fail, is very sure. The Republican party is undoubtedly divided. Under the old system of Senatorial dictation and control of appointments, "the machine" is in the hands of many anti-Administration leaders. This moves the body known as politicians, and many of the party organs, and as these are the active agents and voices of the party, the party sentiment often seems hostile to the President. But there is a vast multitude of most intelligent and patriotic and sagacious men who are nothing but Republicans, and who are as firmly attached to the wisdom of the policy indicated but not always pursued by the Administration as they are resolutely opposed to the political principles and methods of prominent Republican leaders. Such a division in such a party is significant, because the Republican opponents of those leaders are not afraid of "discipline," of ridicule or blackguardism, of party appeals or denunciation. This is the element in the Republican party with which many of its conspicuous chiefs always fail to reckon, and thereby show their own want of sagacity. The prime element of a leader is that he shall understand his followers, and a Republican who thinks that he can whip in Republicans as Democrats are driven by a party whip, only exposes his own folly.

"Forcing the President out of the party" is, therefore, a mere process of party dissolution. The general purposes with which he is identified—the release of the Southern States from abnormal national control, the resumption of specie payment, with the strict maintenance of the national faith, and reform of the civil service—are the paramount demands of the Republican friends of the Administration. To force a President who holds these views and seeks these ends out of the party is to force such men out of the party. But they have a profound conviction that the holders of their views have quite as much right in the Republican party as any body else. They have no doubt whatever that the Administration with these purposes represents the future of the Republican party much more truly than those who accuse the Administration of betraying the party. It will not be denied that the chance of Republican success in the next national election depends upon the degree with which in the meanwhile the party shall be identified with the successful prosecution of those purposes. And here we find the reason for bold and vigorous action upon the part of the Administration itself. Let it prove constantly and at every point its identification with the policy which is associated with it. It has done so, upon the whole, thus far in its Southern measures. It will oppose, undoubtedly, an unfaltering veto to the silver repudiation. But it has hesitated in the civil service policy so that many of its friends have been confounded and disheartened.

The consequence is inevitable. Strong as is the general confidence in the sincerity and desire of the President, he is yet said to be without friends. The anti-Administration leaders sneer and scoff, their organs echo their contempt, their forces are compact, prompt, active, while there is no answering unanimity on the Administration side. The reason is that the leadership is not equally bold and confident; that appointments are often made, not to maintain the known principles of the President, but, apparently, to propitiate those who can not be conciliated. The President is a sincere and strong Republican. He has warm party sympathies. He is upright and honorable. But his convictions as to methods, to party policy and purposes, are in many ways radically at variance with those of other party leaders. The differences are essential and radical. They can not be compromised, and he or they must surrender. This is the situation. The solution is not in delay or attempted amity. Even if the President should change his cabinet and accept Senatorial dictation in nominations, the hostility to him would rejoice in his abject surrender, but he would not be relieved of its bitter dislike. The true course of the Administration lies in steady and unshrinking prosecution of its own policy, trusting that its confidence in the country will be repaid in the Congressional elections, and in the enthusiasm which vigor in the right direction always arouses. Its object must not be to keep the Republican party united, for the attempt to do that would but the more hopelessly widen the breach. Those who raise the cry of union could be appeased only by conduct that would raise a louder cry of protest on another side. Let the Administration hold to the pacification of the South, veto the clipped-dollar bill, and apply its principles firmly to the civil service. Let this stand as its interpretation of Republicanism in the light of to-day. If any body wishes to raise the banner of sectional jealousy and the spoils as the Republican flag, let him do so—and God defend the right!

THE LOUISIANA TRIALS.

There is no doubt that the prosecution of the members of the Louisiana Returning Board is largely due to partisan passion. All the facts as reported indicate this, and especially the total failure, so far as appears, to connect Mr. Anderson with the fraudulent action charged. The spirit of the prosecution is shown, moreover, by the universal expectation that the accused persons would be convicted. But the crowning proof that the object is political revenge, and not justice, that the purpose is not to ascertain the truth of the election, but to punish prejudged offenders, appears in the fact that there is no proposition to investigate the crimes that were unquestionably committed by Democrats to terrorize the colored Republicans. In the face of the testimony that was furnished during the canvass of the votes in Louisiana, to avoid an inquiry into the facts is morally to satisfy every candid man that the vote as thrown was in no just sense whatever an indication of the popular will; while, if the general inquiry into attempted frauds in the election of 1876 should be made, nothing so flagrant and startling would be found as the reply from No. 15 Gramercy Park, New York, to the dispatch from Oregon, stating that money would be advanced to buy one Republican elector if the obligation were made contingent upon success.

The prosecutions in New Orleans are in every point of view unwise. There is probably not a well-informed person in the country who believes that the trials are honest and impartial, and the moral value of the result, therefore, is wholly lost. The prosecution merely deepens the distrust of many men in the Northern States toward the South, and plays into the eager hands of those who would carefully nurse sectional hostility as the basis of national politics. But it is absurd to suppose that such is the true policy. In the present situation of the country a truly wise statesmanship will constantly labor for a better mutual understanding. If each party is to follow the leadership of its most malignant instead of its most enlightened sentiment, we may expect to see such spectacles as these trials in New Orleans become universal. Good citizens must not permit the tone of politics in this country to be determined by the fire-eaters on either side. The present performance in Louisiana is but one of the noxious results of the war, and of the long angry period that preceded it; and if the intelligent and patriotic sentiment of the country should refuse generosity and magnanimity as long as the fierce passions bred of ignorance and slavery showed themselves any where and in any degree, it would be only because the sagacity and courage of our race had failed us. Under the American system—a system which is approved by reason and experience—such troubles as this in New Orleans must be worked out in every State for itself. It is mere folly to expect of a community like Louisiana, with a population of mixed races, with the traditions of slavery, and with the consequences of emancipation by war and immediate enfranchisement of the slaves—a State in which education has been imperfect, and industry long prostrated, and race and party passions infuriated, and corruption notorious—the order and peaceful procedures of States like New York and Michigan. Such a situation is, indeed, the misfortune of good people in that State, but we must make our account with it; and since we have no power to govern other States as we in New York might wish to see them governed, it is our plain duty to do what we lawfully and morally may do to strengthen the better sentiment in those States.

This will certainly not be accomplished by wholesale denunciation, and by showing the intelligent and patriotic people of such States that we are eager to seize every blunder or crime as decisive evidence of the hopeless treachery and malice of "the South." All truly honorable Americans in Louisiana and in every State do unquestionably deprecate the revival of sectional animosities. Yet, as they are sensible men, they expect, of course, that they will be occasionally revived, and they do not wish, with every outbreak, that an army could march and establish martial law. Those who wish that this could be done are essentially disunionists. They hold, in fact, that the association of the Northern and Southern States upon equal terms is impracticable. The New Orleans trials may show vividly that a malignant spirit is still powerful in Louisiana. But they do not discredit the action of the Administration, which was not ignorant of that spirit, and which deliberately discarded the old methods of dealing with it that had utterly failed. Nobody out of a lunatic asylum could have supposed that because, all things considered, the action of the Administration was wise, there would be no further trouble or indication of bad blood in the Southern States. But the most intelligent men in those States must see that when the malignant spirit of which we speak is seen absolutely to control local affairs, all resolute and right-minded citizens in the country will combine to take care that it does not control national affairs.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The death of few citizens in New York would be so serious a public loss as that of Theodore Roosevelt is felt to be by all who knew him. By circumstances, by character, by ability, and by temperament he was able to do in many ways what most men are fortunate if they can do in any. He was rich, and of the highest social position, and he was a most wise and efficient philanthropist. He had the conviction of the reformer and the courteous courage of the gentleman, and was neither spoiled by good fortune nor soured by zeal. In public charitable and humane efforts he was prominent and active, not by giving money only, nor by having his name honorably mentioned in the papers, but by the most constant, effective, and encouraging personal activity. He was like a general who is himself an army. His energy, his sympathy, his tenacity, carried many a good cause that would otherwise have faltered, if it had not fallen, and his death is truly a loss of part of the moral force of the community. He was naturally prominent without ostentation, and every good cause could most surely count upon his sympathy and support.

A member of the State Board of Charities, his devotion to his duty was as intelligent as it was unflagging. It is such men as Theodore Roosevelt whom the creation of great public trusts to be administered by the best citizens contemplates. It was not a formal duty that he discharged, but a sacred trust that he fulfilled with the utmost conscience and intelligence. No subject is of more vital interest to modern society than that of public charities. None has been more carefully and wisely studied by a few capable persons in various countries. In no department of public care are ignorance, shiftlessness, and a merely ceremonial spirit more fatal. Mr. Roosevelt's quick mind, cheerful temper, and unwearied devotion were freely given to the work of the board, as they were to all similar interests. Among these were the Children's Aid and the State Charities Aid associations. Every Sunday evening, for many years, says Mr. Brace, he came to the Newsboys' Lodging-House, and there, by the inspiration of his cordial presence and kindly words, as well as by his gifts of money, he helped the little waifs to a surer foot-hold in a perilous world.

He carried the same earnest conviction and blithe courage into other public and political spheres. During the war he took the most efficient part in the raising and equipment of regiments, in the thoughtful care of the soldiers' families, and in all the thousand offices that ameliorate the suffering of such a contest. By political sympathy a Republican, he was truly independent, and never surrendered to party—that is, to other men—the control of his action. He laughed at the absurd politics that oppose a rogue to a rascal, and would not smirch himself because others were willing to be smeared. Living in a city where politics are often venal and mean, he did not hold it to be practical wisdom to connive at corruption by insisting that honesty is impracticable. He knew, whoever might forget, that those who betray the country are they who sneer at generous and lofty endeavor, and nothing was to him more ridiculous than ridicule of reform. The happy-go-lucky philosophy which holds that because the evil condition of public affairs may be exaggerated it is therefore the best possible, and that every body who would improve it must be either a sore fool or a sorry knave, he heartily despised. Yet he was neither a visionary nor an optimist. He took the world as it was, but he meant to try to do something to make it better; and having the uncommon genius of good sense, he did not cease his efforts to strengthen the Union army because there were mercenary soldiers in the ranks, nor relax his interest in reform because rascals might call themselves reformers. He was an American citizen of the best type—cheerful, hearty, sagacious, honest, hopeful, not to be swerved by abuse, by hostility, by derision. The sneaking timidity, the obsequious cringing to low views, the pandering to popular or party prejudice, which are the degradation of our politics and the shame of so many of our public men, his sturdy candor rejected as instinctively as his kind heart listened to the newsboy or his generous hand relieved every form of suffering. The death of such a man is a great public loss, and the universal sincerity of sorrow among those who knew him shows that in the crucial hour the true test of manhood is felt to be that helpful, hopeful, bold, and efficient service of his fellow-men which is the glory of Theodore Roosevelt's memory.

TWO ENGLISH VIEWS.

Mr. Otto Trevelyan's description of Lord Beaconsfield as "a Brummagem Chatham" may be unexpectedly justified. The genuine Chatham at least, in Lord Beaconsfield's place, and with his views and sympathies, would not have withdrawn the first order for the advance of the fleet, and if Lord Derby chose to resign, he would have accepted his resignation. If Russia be the nefarious, intriguing, and treacherous power that Lord Beaconsfield and his school declare her to be, England should not have trusted her, but, anticipating her movements, should have been ready for them. Russia in this war has not only shown her military power, but her diplomatic address. The traditions and policy of more than a century show her to be in grim earnest; but Disraeli, with all his genius for sensations, can not persuade any body that he is really in dead earnest about any thing. There is undoubtedly a positive British sentiment behind him, as well as an equally positive feeling against the entire warlike movement in England. A late mail brought us letters from able representatives of both these opinions, which throw an instructive light upon the real situation. The writer of the first letter is travelling upon the Continent; the other writes from England.

> "As a true-hearted member of the great liberal cause all over the world, I have mourned for more than a year over the unspeakable folly of Gladstone, Bright, and Co. in this Eastern question. It is the grandest political crisis that has come in my time, and *they* are found wanting. The Conservative leaders are only a shade better. England ought by this time to be roused and armed, and then we might have hope of a decent peace. So think the Continental liberals, and they are right. A decent peace with Russia—*i. e.*, an effectual check to her desolating and despotic ambition—can only be conquered by war, and a great war, and some day or other, not many years off if not now, we in England must fight it. As Laveleye, the Belgian publicist, said in the *Fortnightly* last summer, all the people of Europe would be more prosperous and happy if they were under British rule. The compliment might be accepted from a foreigner. But let us say, instead, that if they were governed on the best British principle, these conditions would at least be generally improved. England stands for good government—good for the welfare of the governed; that is why English *interests* mean the welfare of mankind; that is why the Liberal opposition to English interests (Gladstone, Bright, Duke of Argyll, etc.) is folly, and the really selfish folly. It is mere parochialism, shop politics, and not statesmanship."

There is a doctrine full of danger in this extract. If a country assuming to stand for good government may make war to check the extension of a state that she also assumes to stand for despotism, we return to the theories of the French Revolutionary propaganda and of the Holy Alliance. Yet the writer of the letter is a man of very great intelligence and sincerity, and an admirable exponent of those who interpret British interests to mean the highest civilization and truest liberty. The other correspondent is not less sincere and sagacious.

> "We have just had—indeed, we are still having—a flurry caused by a characteristic attempt of Lord Beaconsfield to move the candle a little nearer to the gunpowder, and bring about the great war which his flatterers tell him he is to conduct with so much glory to himself and to the nation. On Wednesday last, Lord Derby being ill, Lord Beaconsfield got the cabinet to agree to order up the fleet to prevent disorder at Constantinople. But the attempt was foiled by the resignation of Lord Derby under the pressure of public opinion, which must be strong indeed to impel so timid a man to any thing like an independent act. The Government are now asking for a money grant virtually as a vote of confidence after their shaking, and having a large compact majority, no doubt they will get it. There is a talk of a dissolution, but I can not imagine what should induce the Government to dissolve. Lord

> Beaconsfield thinks, no doubt, that if he could once bring on a collision, the blind pugnacity of the country would be roused; so it would, and it is pleasant to think that the destinies of England and Europe are in such hands.
>
> "The three Emperors, however, have probably made up their minds; and unless Lord Beaconsfield can destroy the concert, the result will be good, on the whole, for liberation and for civilization in Eastern Europe. In any event, let diplomacy bedevil the heritage of mankind as it may, the natural force will prevail in the end. Greece will extend to Constantinople, and probably have part of Asia Minor too.
>
> "This is probably not the end of the commotion. The annexation of Denmark by Germany is a thing which I have long regarded as quite possible, and indeed almost sure to come. Russia, having egress to the Mediterranean, as she will now have, can better afford to let the key of the Baltic hang at the girdle of Germany, and Denmark will be a great gainer, as the commercial party in her well know.
>
> "Austria, again, will not hold together. Her real bond ceased to exist when the Turk ceased to be formidable. The attempt to weld together her heterogeneous races under a constitutional government has failed. Her turn will come. Kossuth has reason for his cries of alarm if he wants to keep up the oligarchical supremacy of the Magyar over the Sclav, though if he is content with equality, he has none."

Events, since these letters were written, have made immediate war between England and Russia possible. But Russia, by the folly of England in declining to avert the Turkish war, has gained so much by her victory that she will be very wary in entering upon further hostilities. If Lord Beaconsfield sees that she is anxious to avoid fighting, he may seek to recover consideration by wanton provocation. But we still trust that a war which must involve Europe will be prevented.

CONGRESS AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When the late civil war was beginning, Alexander H. Stephens, in a powerful speech, warned the people of Georgia of the inevitable horrors of the struggle. It was a solemn appeal made in vain, and Georgia drank to the dregs the cup whose desolating contents he had described. A little later, as Vice-President of the Confederacy, Mr. Stephens made another speech, declaring that its government was established on the corner-stone of slavery. A few days since, in the presence of both Houses, and as a Representative from Georgia, Mr. Stephens, on behalf of the House of Representatives, spoke at the reception by Congress of Carpenter's picture of the signing of the proclamation of emancipation. The picture contains portraits of President Lincoln and all his cabinet. All but one who appear in the picture are dead. The room, carefully studied from the fact, is remodelled. The Union is regenerated and renewed, and it is Mr. Stephens who says: "I can say for myself, and for those of my immediate circle of acquaintances, and for the whole Southern people, that there is not one who would now change the condition of things, resubjugate the colored man, or put him in the condition he was in before." Mr. Stephens did not assume to foresee the result of emancipation, nor even to say that the act was wise. But he declared it to be irreversible, and he begged that sectional strife might end. It is for him and his associates to preach this gospel constantly and zealously at home, and to take care that sectional hatred of the North is as vigorously reproved at the South by Southern men as a similar feeling at the North is reproved by Northern men.

Mr. Stephens spoke of Mr. Lincoln in the most cordial tone. He knew him well in Congress, and honored the simplicity and rectitude of his nature, and felt a pang at his unnatural taking off. His words are the most striking and touching tribute to Mr. Lincoln that we recall from any Southern man, and it is a singular vindication of the deep earnestness of Lincoln's solemn words in speaking of the Southerners that Mr. Stephens should say that he knew that in Mr. Lincoln's heart there was malice toward none, and charity for all. What he says brings out again and strongly the "providential" character of Abraham Lincoln. The country might well believe itself to be the peculiar object of Divine favor which in its hour of extremity found that it had chosen such a man to be its leader. The great act of emancipation, which, as General Garfield truly stated in his admirable speech, was passionately demanded by a powerful public opinion before it was approved by the President, seems to have proceeded from him more fitly than from any other man then living, or from any other President since Washington.

Whatever incident vividly recalls the truly great men in a nation's history is a public benefit, and this simple ceremony of receiving the memorial picture, by uniting the voices of a brave Union soldier and of the Vice-President of the Confederacy in affectionate reverence for Lincoln, reminds the country of his noble character and of his immeasurable services. As the orators and the occasion vividly renewed the recollection of the contest and its mighty result, did some musing listener, thinking of that sore extremity of the nation, of the great cost of the sacrifice for its life, and of its solemnly pledged faith to repay that cost, doubt for a moment what Abraham Lincoln would have said of a proposal to break that faith and dishonor the nation? Did he doubt that the war President would refuse to believe that in the very moment in which both friend and foe were proudly praising him, the honor of the nation for which he died lay trembling in the balance?

ANY OLD PAPERS?

We have annually reminded our readers of a very simple and practicable charity, and one most beneficial in its influence. It is the gift of old magazines, papers, and books of every popular and miscellaneous kind for the recreation of the inmates of the hospitals. We add the official notice, and our readers will easily believe that it is one of the most deserving, as we know it to be one of the most admirably managed, of charities:

> "The Committee upon Books and Newspapers, connected with the State Charities Aid Association, 6 East Fourteenth Street, ask for donations of books and magazines for distribution in hospitals and other institutions, supported either by the State or by private charity, wherever such reading matter is known to be of benefit to the inmates. During the past year barrels, boxes, and baskets full of reading matter have been sent daily to the office, where they were sorted, stamped, and redistributed among sixty institutions. No interesting book or magazine comes amiss, as these institutions contain persons of all ages, creeds, and nationalities, and of every grade of education.
>
> "Express charges upon packages sent to the office must be prepaid."

THE LATE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

It is not too much to say that every intelligent American citizen read with contempt the account of the angry personal altercation that arose upon the discussion of the West Point bill. It is humiliating that a body capable of such conduct should be the representative of the American people, and it explains the biting sarcasm of the foreigner who said that he had great faith in America until he saw Congress. The indecent assault of Mr. Aiken was properly repelled by Mr. Hewitt's plain declaration that if the Presidency was sold, it was not by him, and that he refused an offer to sell it. He afterward explained that he referred to the alleged offer of an alleged messenger from Madison Wells proposing to count the Louisiana vote for Tilden. General Garfield honorably defended the conduct of the Southern Representatives who refused to violate their word and solemn engagement in regard to the final count; and except for the suspicion that in consequence of a hurried conversation with Mr. Randall Gibson and Mr. Tucker, Mr. Hewitt withheld some statement, it might be safely assumed that the story of bargain was now conclusively disposed of.

The altercation showed only more plainly the dividing line between the honorable and patriotic Democrats and the mere revolutionists, whose only complaint of Mr. Tilden and his friends is that they did not incite a civil war last year. It is also indicative of the total dislocation of parties which has actually taken place, although it is not admitted. The two great parties now cohere from habit and tradition. On all vital and commanding public questions members of the same party radically disagree, but in all political details, as of local elections, they maintain the forms of union. There is naturally a great deal of speculation about new parties. But new parties are possible only when the differing and disintegrating influences have permeated the mass of the voters, and when in rural districts there is a feeling so strong and deep that it originates new associations and organizations. There is a great deal of truth in the familiar remark of Pulteney, that the heads of parties, like snakes, are moved by their tails. When Mr. Seward went to Albany in 1855, and made the speech at the Capitol in which he announced his adhesion to the Republican party, he had seen in 1852 the practical annihilation of the Whig party, and he had marked ever since, with sympathetic heart, the progress of active antislavery principle among "the plain people." The present party organizations will continue until they are actually, and not theoretically or logically, dissolved.

Party attachment is of such a nature, however, that in each organization a contest for possession and mastery will take place. It was the hope of the Whigs in Massachusetts, who afterward became Republicans, to make the Whig party the antislavery party, and they called themselves conscience Whigs. It was the hope of a wing of the Democrats, from 1842 until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to make the Democratic a free-soil party. But the old Whig and Democratic parties were not thoroughly moulded into new forms until the election of 1856. Like Topsy, parties grow, and the disgraceful scene in the House the other day is yet instructive as showing the actual situation. It is always fortunate when the best elements in the country, whatever their party sympathy, gravitate together.

PERSONAL.

King Humbert is already manifesting a will and haughtiness that were scarcely expected. When Prince Amadeus, ex-King of Spain, who is of a religious temper, proposed to go over to the Vatican to see the Pope and soften matters, King Humbert said, "I prohibit thee. I will not commence my reign with a single act of humiliation or submission." The King proposes to pay his father's debts out of his own private means, and to sell Castel Porziano, the vast hunting estate bought by the nation as a present to Victor Emanuel.

—Mario, the once-famous vocalist, who has settled down at Rome in his old age, and devoted himself to antiquarian studies, said lately to a visitor: "If you speak of me, say that you saw Mario by the ruins of Rome, like his illustrious ancestor Marius by the ruins of Carthage."

—Apropos of Washington's birthday, Mr. B. Phillips contributes to the March number of *Harper's Magazine* an extremely interesting article based on a collection of thirty-three unpublished letters of Washington. Some of these letters are of great importance historically, but the majority of them are especially interesting for the new light they throw upon Washington's domestic life. Of one of these letters, in writing which Washington acts as amanuensis for his wife, Mr. Phillips says: "Would that Thackeray had seen this charming letter!.... It might have given the illustrious novelist a keener insight into the graceful courteousness of the hero of *The Virginians*. It is what the French call an *aperçu de la vie intime*." Mr. Phillips is the author of the brilliant short story entitled "On a Melon Schooner," published in *Harper's Magazine* for last October.

—Colonel Forney writes from London that "the discipline of party in England is as severe as it is in the United States, and, what is far better, it is preserved with no hope of office, without the intolerable hunger for 'the spoils,' and with none of that systematic recognition of mediocrity which has become the bane of both the political organizations in the United States." Concerning leadership, a writer in the London *Whitehall Gazette* says: "Were I in a position to choose a leader in the Peers for the Liberal party, I should lay violent hands upon the Duke of Argyll. There is no overhumility in him. When he throws his head back and allows his long yellow hair to fall upon his coat collar, he resembles the Leaning Tower of Pisa. We wonder how in the name of the physical laws which he so closely studies he holds his balance. As he slaps the box before him he really appears to be playing the game of 'Keep me up,' cradling his body upon his heel, and maintaining his equilibrium by clasping the mahogany at intervals with deft fingers. One speculates as to the length of time it took him to master the process. With the voice of Stentor and the decision of Jupiter he rouses all the fire of the party behind him, and conveys in the brief space of two minutes such an aversion toward the Tories and all their works that one feels confident he would not speak to Lord Beaconsfield if the pair were cast together on a desert island."

—Mehemet Ali is about to write the history of his life, in which, besides giving much that would interest people as to his adventures and experiences, he will impart a vast amount of information that will place Turkey and the Turks in a true light before Europe, and serve to dispel the prejudices against Mohammedanism. The work will be published simultaneously in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

—Pius IX. may be fairly classed among the higher capitalists of Europe. In his desk was found a sealed packet with instructions for delivering it into the hands of his successor. There was also found 400,000 scudi, which is probably disposed of by testament. The total of the Pope's wealth is said to be about 120,000,000 lire ($23,160,000), which is mostly in the hands of the Rothschilds at Paris.

—Hon. Theodore S. Faxton, formerly Mayor of Utica, and one of its oldest and most estimable citizens, has recently endowed three charitable institutions of that city to the amount of over $100,000.

—Henry M. Stanley's commencement as a journalist was in a description of a naval engagement, written from the mast-head—one of the earlier ones of the war. He sent it to the *Herald*. It was accepted, published, and liberally paid for, and Stanley received a flattering letter from Mr. Bennett, as Stanley's was the only account. This so fired the boy's ambition that he applied himself to reading and study as vigorously as he could, and the formation of the resolution to travel and write. An acquaintance says of him, in the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "His powers of labor were immense, and he never tired nor lost his temper. I have known him, after riding all day in the ambulance, to remain up the entire night, wrapped in an overcoat and blanket, and on his knees, by the aid of a tallow candle, write, the livelong night, several letters to different papers, yet on the same subjects, changing language and ideas, so as to be ready for the courier who started at break of day, and then trust to the jolting of the ambulance for his nods of repose, on the narrow roads—to repeat the operation, if he could secure any news or smell a chance for another letter."

—Hon. Lionel Sackville West, the new English minister to Spain, is fifty-one, and entered the Foreign Office at the age of eighteen. In 1872 he was minister to the Argentine Confederation. His pay is $25,000 per annum. He was secretary of legation at Madrid in 1864.

—The last bust of Pope Pius IX., and the only one ever cut by an American, was by Martin Millmae, of Boston. When it was finished the kind old man took the chisel in his hand, and expressing his satisfaction, touched the marble, saying, "Is it in this manner you do it? This is the sculptor's pen. With this he writes."

—One of the most agreeable and jocular members of President Hayes's cabinet is Judge Key, the Postmaster-General. He takes great pride in speaking of himself as the cabinet curiosity. "When I travelled around with the President," he says, in gleeful tones, half laughing at himself the while, "the people took almost as much interest in looking at me as at him. It was just because I used to be a naughty boy." He takes a humorous delight in regarding himself as the repentant sinner, the symbol of the conciliatory policy, and his mirth-loving face radiates the refulgent gleams of peace. It did not destroy his self-gratulatory temper when reminded that he was not the first ex-Confederate who had been in the cabinet, as Akerman was in Grant's cabinet. "Oh yes," he answered, "but he was reconstructed; I have never been." "Then," was the response, "you have been conciliated. He represented the hard doctrine of reconstruction, you the gentle one of forgiveness and peace." To this he gave a pleasant assent.

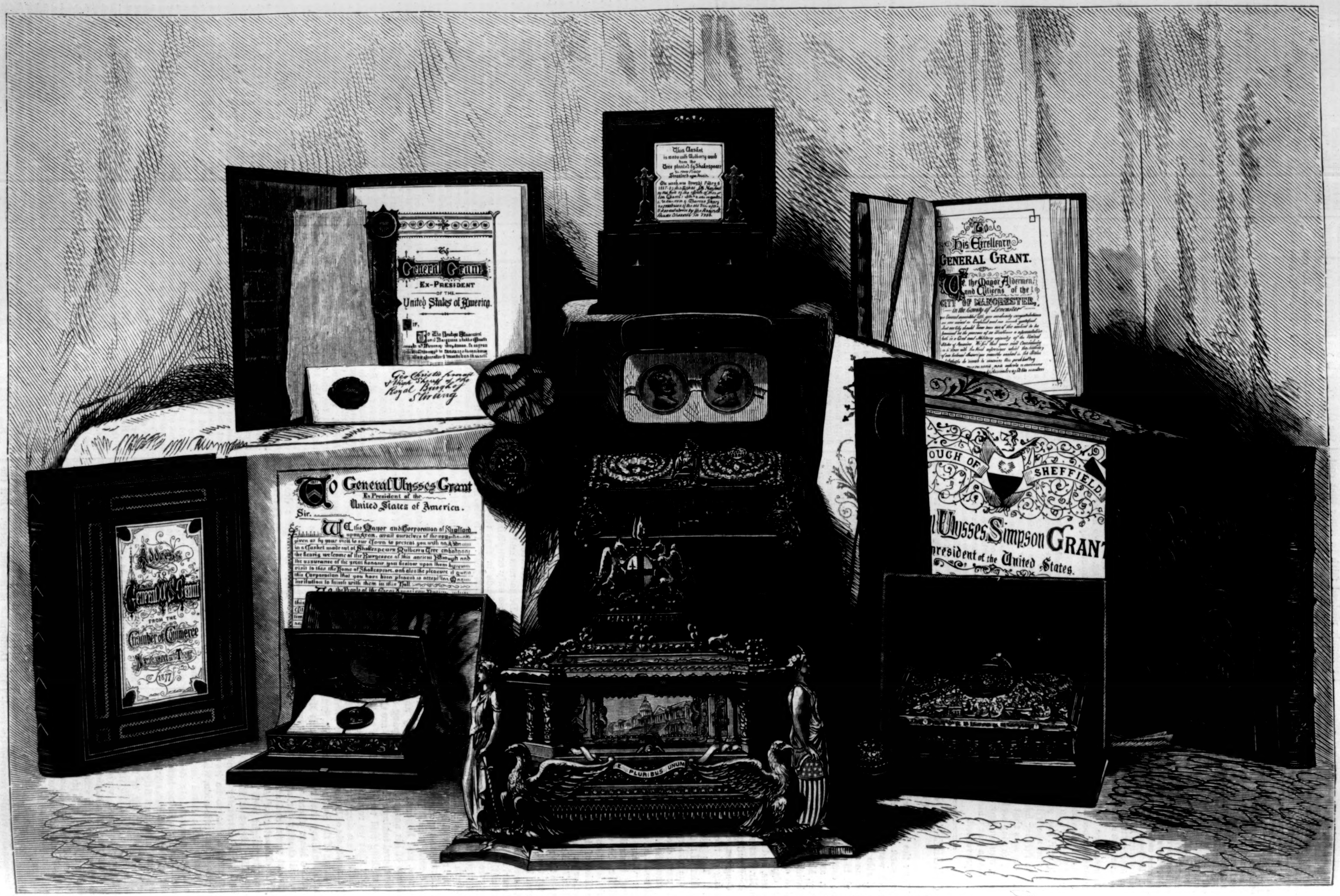
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, February 12, passed a bill making February 22, after this year, a legal holiday. The Senate and House united in the formal reception of the painting of "Lincoln Signing the Emancipation Proclamation." Speeches were made by General Garfield and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens.—On the 14th, the Senate passed the House joint resolution declaring it inexpedient to reduce the tax on whiskey. The vote stood 40 to 9. The House passed the Military Academy Bill as amended in the Committee of the Whole. Senator Blaine offered the substitute for the Bland Bill of which he gave notice recently. Secretary Sherman sent a communication to the House that, according to the present rate of income, as compared with the last fiscal year, there would be a deficit during the present year of $4,969,218. He recommended increased taxation or reduced expenditures.—The Senate, on the 16th, after an all-night session, passed the Silver Bill, by a vote of 48 to 21. It provides for a dollar of 412½ grains. The free coinage clause was stricken out, by a vote of 49 to 22, and the provision for an international monetary conference was adopted, by a vote of 40 to 30. The President nominated Bayard Taylor to be minister to Germany.

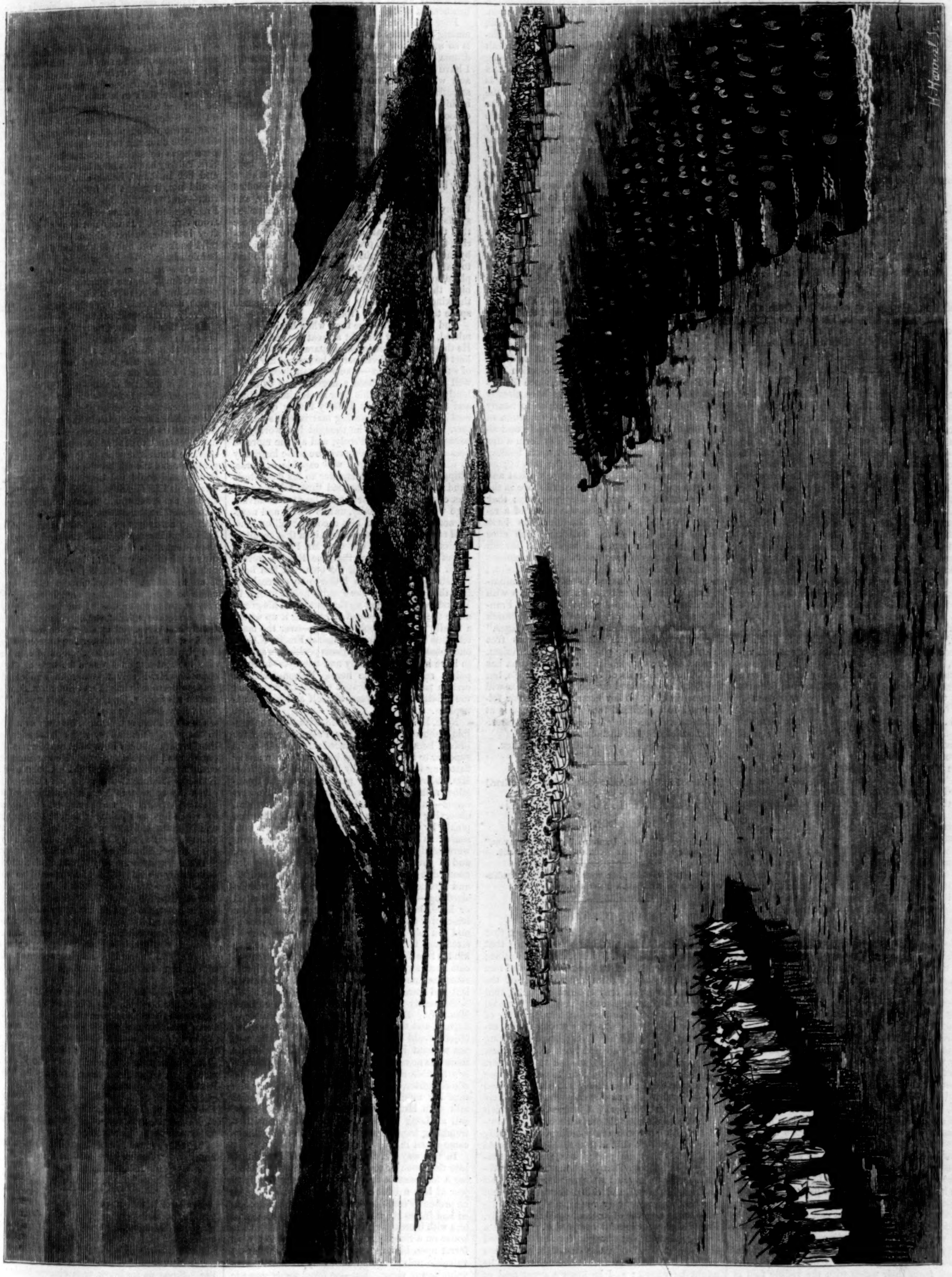
The Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, and Hon. Charles M. Conrad, ex-Secretary of War for the United States, both died February 11, the former at Hartford, Connecticut, and the latter at New Orleans, Louisiana. Mr. Welles was in his seventy-sixth year, and Mr. Conrad was seventy-three.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The Russians' reply to England's protest against the advance on Constantinople was telegraphed by Lord Loftus from St. Petersburg, February 9, as follows: "I have received from Prince Gortchakoff the following answer to your telegram of the 7th inst., asking Russia to give some explanation about the advance of the Russians toward Constantinople, etc.: 'In answer to your Excellency's note respecting the occupation of certain strategical points in the neighborhood of Constantinople by the Russian troops in consequence of the armistice, it is my duty to inform you that we are not yet in possession of positive information as to the details of the armistice and as to its application. I should add that the military line of demarkation traced previously to the armistice has been agreed upon between the Russian and Turkish authorities, and is a question which exclusively concerns the belligerents.'"—As soon as the news of England's intention to send a fleet to Constantinople reached the Sultan he telegraphed Queen Victoria asking her to relinquish the purpose, and simultaneously requested the Czar to defer the entry of the Russian troops until the Queen had replied. The Czar's answer merely confirmed Prince Gortchakoff's declaration of the 10th to the powers that the sending of the British fleet to Constantinople obliged Russia to contemplate entering the city. Queen Victoria replied that the fleet entered the Dardanelles with a pacific object.—The British government applied to the Porte for a firman admitting her fleet to the Dardanelles, but the application was refused.—In spite of this refusal, and also of the later protest of the pasha at Chanak-Kalessi, a British fleet of six vessels, on the afternoon of February 13, passed through the Dardanelles. Two of the iron-clads were left at Gallipoli to protect the outlet, and the remaining four passed up to Princes' Islands, thirteen miles south of the Turkish capital. Referring to the passage of the fleet, Sir Stafford Northcote said in the House of Commons, on the 14th, that the admiral's orders were to enter with or without leave, and that the ships were cleared for action. He also said that the government had received the communication from Russia, dispatched to the powers on the 10th, stating that intelligence that Great Britain and other powers had determined to send ships to Constantinople for the protection of their subjects obliged Russia to consider the proper means for protecting Christians whose lives and property might be threatened, and that for this purpose the Russian government was obliged to contemplate the entry of a portion of its troops into Constantinople. He said that the British government had protested against this view, declaring that it could see no parallel between the two courses proposed. Lord Derby's protest is very emphatic. It demonstrates that the entry of the Russian troops would be a violation of the armistice, and might provoke disorders, causing the very danger to the Christians which the Russian government deprecates. It concludes as follows: "Her Majesty's government can not acknowledge that the dispatch of British ships to Constantinople has any bearing on the entry of Russian troops into the city, which latter measure they consider uncalled for by any circumstances of military or other necessity, and the consequences of which may be most disastrous to the whole population of the city." Lord Derby also telegraphed to Lord Loftus, February 13, that he had expressed to Count Schouvaloff the government's earnest hope that the Russian troops would not make any movement toward Gallipoli, or any movement of a nature to threaten the communications of the fleet, as any such movement would be regarded in England as compromising the safety of the fleet, and in the actual state of public feeling he (Lord Derby) could not answer for consequences which might be most serious.—The Russians, on the 15th, occupied one of the redoubts in the Constantinople line of defense.—In Austria the situation is regarded as critical. The Emperor has sent for Archduke Albrecht, Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian army, for the purpose of concerting important military measures. The *Pesther Lloyd*, Count Andrassy's organ, says "that if Russia understands by regaining her freedom of action that she has the right to hoist the Czar's flag of victory in the Bosporus, then it is time for the powers to abandon their different categories of neutrality. The occupation of Bulgaria and the exaggerated extension it is proposed to give that province will never be tolerated by Austria. Action—and energetic action—alone can now save Europe."—On the 9th, the Turkish Chamber declared the cabinet unconstitutional, and on the 14th, the Sultan, by an imperial message, dissolved Parliament, giving as a reason the necessities of the situation.—On the 9th, the Turks evacuated Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, Belgradochik, and Erzerum, and withdrew from the Bujuk-Chekmejeh lines to a line from there to Akbunar. The neutral zone is twelve miles broad.—The London *Times* Athens dispatch, February 12, says that all the regular Greek troops who had crossed the frontier have returned to their own territory. Irregulars continue to enter Thessaly to keep alive the insurrection.—It is stated that the Russians have captured 120,000 men (including 20 pashas) and 1000 cannon during the entire war.


This Casket
is made with Mulberry wood
from the
Tree planted by Shakespeare
Stratford upon Avon.
To
His Excellency
GENERAL GRANT.
We, the Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the
CITY OF MANCHESTER,
in the County of Lancaster
The
General Grant
EX-PRESIDENT
OF THE
United States of America.
Sir,
Geo. Christie Provost
Royal Burgh of Stirling
To General Ulysses Grant
Ex President of the
United States of America.
Sir.
We, the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford upon Avon
Address
General U. S. Grant
FROM THE
Chamber of Commerce
1877
BOROUGH OF SHEFFIELD
Ulysses Simpson Grant
President of the United States.
E PLURIBUS UNUM

GENERAL GRANT'S EUROPEAN SOUVENIRS.—Photographed by R. Newell & Son.—[See Page 169.]



STANLEY IN AFRICA—NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND WAVUMA.—From a Sketch by H. M. Stanley.—[See Double Page.]

Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

GENERAL GRANT'S EUROPEAN SOUVENIRS.

On the preceding page we give engravings of some of the beautiful and interesting presents received by General **Grant** during his European trip. All of these, with the exception of the casket containing the parchment conferring upon the General the freedom of the city of London, are now in the custody of **George W. Childs**, Esq., of Philadelphia. The gifts include the two gold boxes presented by the cities of Glasgow and Ayr, and the silver box presented by the city of Edinburgh, each containing the freedom of these places. The boxes are about eight inches long by five inches wide and three inches deep, and handsomely engraved with emblematic devices. Gold, silver, and bronze medals were also in the package received by Mr. **Childs**, and engraved for the *Weekly*, together with the addresses of congratulation made at various points on the General's journey. These addresses, especially those from working-men, are beautifully illuminated and bound, most of the binding consisting of valuable woods, probably designed to be specimens of the country. There are also a number of badges and decorations which had been used by participants in the processions that greeted the General during his tour.

The gold casket containing the London parchment, also engraved for the *Weekly*, is elaborate and very tasteful in design. The obverse centre panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the ex-President's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor of London. On the reverse side of the casket is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall, and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modelled and chased, representing the city of London and the United States of America, bearing their respective shields, which are executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The rose, shamrock, and thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the city of London. The casket is supported by American eagles, modelled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with the Stars and Stripes.

We present these engravings not only on account of the beauty of the gifts, but because our readers can not but feel an interest in these testimonials of the esteem in which our illustrious countryman is held in Europe, and the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed by all classes of people wherever he appeared. No American was ever before so received abroad, or was ever honored by such hearty and spontaneous outbursts of good feeling in foreign lands. The modest and dignified bearing of General **Grant** under all the honors thus showered upon him was eminently characteristic of the man. When last heard from he was at Cairo, where a palace had been placed at his disposal by the Khedive, and a special steamer to give him an opportunity of making the voyage up the Nile and survey the stupendous ruins on the shores in the most agreeable manner. In Egypt, as in Europe, the General was received with hearty demonstrations of welcome.

NOCTURNE.

The silent world is sleeping,
And spirits hover nigh,
With downward pinions keeping
Our love from mortal eye,
Nor any ear of Earth can hear
The heart-beat and the sigh.

Now no more the twilight bird
Showers his triple notes around;
In the dewy paths is heard
No rude footfall's sound.
In the stillness I await
Thy coming late,
In the dusk would lay my heart
Close to thine own, and say how dear thou art!

O life! O rarest hour!
When the dark world onward rolls,
And the fiery planets drift,
Then from our commingled souls
Clouds of passion and of power,
Flames of incense, lift!

Come, for the world is turning
To meet the morning star!
Answer my spirit's yearning
And seek the arms that call thee from afar:
Let them close—ah, let them close
Around thee now, and lure thee to repose.

Edmund C. Stedman.

A NEW POPE.

A dead Pope, a new papal election, a cloud of war hovering over all Europe, promising the destruction of dynasties and important changes in the condition of all civilized races, opens an epoch upon mankind that is filled with alarming omens. It promises to be one of those periods in which ecclesiastical intrigues will be likely to have most weight, and in which the new voice of the Vatican will be possessed of a peculiar and unnatural power. In moments of peace, a religious faction aiming at universal rule among nations might be looked upon as scarcely worthy of notice; but in the fierce convulsions of war, or amidst the terrors of impending misfortunes, the unscrupulous papacy has always found its way to the gratification of its ambition. It was thus that Innocent III. subjected England, or Hildebrand assailed Germany. Centuries have passed away, and still the Roman Church is a great and united faction aiming at political rule, disturbing the elections of Paris, Mexico, New York, not disdaining to enter into the political contests of the smallest American towns and villages, seizing upon every pretext to influence elections, forcing into office every where its own judges, Governors, Senators, making use of party cries to effect its own aims, and with menaces or with bribes showing itself as active and dangerous in the wilderness of the New World as in the ancient capitals of the Old. One of the most curious proofs of this almost ubiquitous policy of the Roman Church has recently been witnessed in the Territory of New Mexico. A Jesuit banished from Italy, Gasparri by name, has assumed the control of the Territorial Legislature, and threatens Governor Axtell with the usual terrors of his order; demands the support of Roman Catholic schools by the state, forces his measures through the Legislature by the use of spiritual threats, and exhibits all the traits of ultramontane tyranny in a land where the influence of the Vatican, one might suppose, would be lost in distance and obscurity. The bitter contest in New Mexico, the intrigues of the Roman Catholic priesthood in New York or Boston, their threats in London or Paris, show with what relentless animation their political campaign will be carried out should the new Pope prove active and ambitious. In such a case modern intelligence may find that it has a bitterer foe than ever before, and that it has lost rather than gained by the change of pontiffs.

The Bishop of Rome will, no doubt, hold for many years, and perhaps centuries, a strong control over the opinions and conduct of large bodies of men in Europe and America; and although within a brief period that influence has been sensibly weakened by the revolt of a portion of his once faithful followers, the papal power may still be considered the most complete of modern political organizations. It has been shattered, indeed, by unlooked-for defections in many European states and kingdoms. Of the two hundred millions of subjects who a few years ago were supposed to obey the mandates of the tiara, and whom Cardinal Manning, with no apparent consciousness of the progress of events, still claims as the willing adherents of an undivided Church, such large numbers have either placed themselves in open revolt against the papacy, or have been subjected to its censures, as can scarcely permit the idea of a united membership. Austrian Catholics vote freely for the education and the civil liberty condemned by the bitterest decrees of the Vatican. That they are not excommunicated and cut off from their union with the visible fold is probably due to the stress of events and the inopportuneness of the time. Italy, by his own account, long held the Pope a prisoner, and persecuted his most attached servants; Spain has only in part recovered from its recent apostasy; France refuses by a great majority to submit to clerical rule; and of the two hundred millions of obedient subjects who might have been claimed a few years ago by the imperious Vatican, a third or a half must now be taken away. If the Papal Church can number a hundred millions of devoted adherents throughout the world, it is fortunate.

Yet the political influence of this religious body is greater even than its numbers indicate. It penetrates every where; it labors in secret and in the open day. The policy of the ultramontanes, which has become that of Rome, is subtle and mysterious to a proverb. Its vigor usually rises into rashness, and France has only recently shown to what wild projects it would impel a nation. The hand of Rome is felt in the politics of Brazil, the Senate of Germany, the Parliament of England; and Europe and America naturally await with interest the choice of a new Pope. Among the candidates Cardinals Manning and Cullen are named, both rigid ultramontanes; but it is scarcely probable that the Italians, who hold the control of the Conclave, will suffer a foreigner to sit in the pontifical chair. Two other names are mentioned as active candidates, who are already pressing their claims by every art; and Cardinals Billio and Monaco la Valletta had begun their canvass even around the bedside of the dying Pope. Both are noted ultramontanes—young, ambitious, acute, holding high offices, pliant, unscrupulous. The canvass is said to be going on with unusual ardor. The hopes, the fears, the jealous rivalry, the ambitious zeal of the members of the Sacred College are already as conspicuous as in a town election or a political campaign, and Portugal, which is supposed to hold the only veto that may be used, is watched with ceaseless care. Who may control the dangerous missive is a question that none of the candidates has been able to answer. Meantime it is said that when the dying Pope showed some signs of tenderness toward Victor Emanuel, and possibly some traces of a return to his early liberal tendencies, he was at once surrounded by the ultramontanes, and shut out from all other associates until he died.

To the freemen of America the election of a new Pope is of unusual importance, since the Roman Catholic priesthood among us have already openly placed themselves in opposition to nearly all those principles that lie at the foundation of republican governments. In every State and almost every township and village they form a distinct political party. They insist upon holding the whole property of their Church; they oppose public instruction unless controlled by priest and nun; they deprive their people of all share in the administration of their religious property; they would create a despotism in the midst of a republic. While all other denominations have thrown aside that severe isolation which once made them persecutors and bigots, the Roman Catholic prelates strive to confine their members to their own sect in a close and rigid seclusion; they forbid them to marry, to associate familiarly, even to hold close business relationship with Protestants. Said the Archbishop of San Francisco and his associates recently, "The Church abhors and ever has abhorred mixed marriages." The "Church" in the same way abhors free schools, knowledge, progress, republicanism. Japan has thrown open its ports, even China has yielded to some traits of Western civilization, but the Roman priesthood in the United States will have none of it. They have moulded their followers into a political faction whose head is at Rome, and whose policy is the blind and mysterious dictates of their ultramontane chiefs.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

BROTHER JACOB.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Daniel Deronda," "Middlemarch," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc.

> "Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris, attendez-vous à la pareille."—La Fontaine.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

Pretty Penny was not blind to the fact that Mr. Freely admired her, and she felt sure that it was he who had sent her a beautiful valentine; but her sister seemed to think so lightly of him (all engaged young ladies think lightly of the gentlemen to whom they are not engaged), that Penny dared never mention him, and trembled and blushed whenever they met him, thinking of the valentine, which was very strong in its expressions, and which she felt guilty of knowing by heart. A man who had been to the Indies, and knew the sea so well, seemed to her a sort of public character, almost like Robinson Crusoe or Captain Cook; and Penny had always wished her husband to be a remarkable personage, likely to be put in *Mangnall's Questions*, with which register of the immortals she had become acquainted during her one year at a boarding-school. Only it seemed strange that a remarkable man should be a confectioner and pastry-cook, and this anomaly quite disturbed Penny's dreams. Her brothers, she knew, laughed at men who couldn't sit on horseback well, and called them tailors; but her brothers were very rough, and were quite without that power of anecdote which made Mr. Freely such a delightful companion. He was a very good man, she thought, for she had heard him say at Mr. Luff's, one day, that he always wished to do his duty in whatever state of life he might be placed; and he knew a great deal of poetry, for one day he had repeated a verse of a song. She wondered if he had made the words of the valentine. It ended in this way:

"Without thee, it is pain to live;
But with thee, it were sweet to die."

Poor Mr. Freely! her father would very likely object; she felt sure he would, for he always called Mr. Freely "that sugar-plum fellow." Oh, it was very cruel, when true love was crossed in that way, and all because Mr. Freely was a confectioner! Well, Penny would be true to him, for all that; and since his being a confectioner gave her an opportunity of showing her faithfulness, she was glad of it. Edward Freely was a pretty name, much better than John Towers. Young Towers had offered her a rose out of his button-hole the other day, blushing very much; but she refused it, and thought with delight how much Mr. Freely would be comforted if he knew her firmness of mind.

Poor little Penny! the days were so very long among the daisies on a grazing farm, and thought is so active, how was it possible that the inward drama should not get the start of the outward? I have known young ladies much better educated, and with an outward world diversified by instructive lectures, to say nothing of literature and highly developed fancy-work, who have spun a cocoon of visionary joys and sorrows for themselves, just as Penny did. Her elder sister, Letitia, who had a prouder style of beauty and a more worldly ambition, was engaged to a wool-factor, who came all the way from Cattleton to see her; and every body knows that a wool-factor takes a very high rank, sometimes driving a double-bodied gig. Letty's notions got higher every day, and Penny never dared to speak of her cherished griefs to her lofty sister; never dared to propose that they should call at Mr. Freely's to buy licorice, though she had prepared for such an incident by mentioning a slight sore throat. So she had to pass the shop on the other side of the market-place, and reflect, with a suppressed sigh, that behind those pink and white jars somebody was thinking of her tenderly, unconscious of the small space that divided her from him.

And it was quite true that, when business permitted, Mr. Freely thought a great deal of Penny. He thought her prettiness comparable to the loveliest things in confectionery; he judged her to be of submissive temper—likely to wait upon him as well as if she had been a negress, and to be silently terrified when his liver made him irritable; and he considered the Palfrey family quite the best in the parish possessing marriageable daughters. On the whole, he thought her worthy to become Mrs. Edward Freely, and all the more so because it would probably require some ingenuity to win her. Mr. Palfrey was capable of horse-whipping a too rash pretender to his daughter's hand; and, moreover, he had three tall sons: it was clear that a suitor would be at a disadvantage with such a family, unless travel and natural acumen had given him a countervailing power of contrivance. And the first idea that occurred to him in the matter was that Mr. Palfrey would object less if he knew that the Freelys were a much higher family than his own. It had been foolish modesty in him hitherto to conceal the fact that a branch of the Freelys held a manor in Yorkshire, and to shut up the portrait of his great-uncle the admiral, instead of hanging it up where a family portrait should be hung—over the mantel-piece in the parlor. Admiral Freely, K.C.B., once placed in this conspicuous position, was seen to have had one arm only and one eye—in these points resembling the heroic Nelson—while a certain pallid insignificance of feature confirmed the relationship between himself and his grand-nephew.

Next, Mr. Freely was seized with an irrepressible ambition to possess Mrs. Palfrey's receipt for brawn, hers being pronounced on all hands to be superior to his own—as he informed her in a very flattering letter carried by his errand-boy. Now Mrs. Palfrey, like other geniuses, wrought by instinct rather than by rule, and possessed no receipts—indeed, despised all people who used them, observing that people who pickled by book must pickle by weights and measures, and such nonsense; as for herself, her weights and measures were the tip of her finger and the tip of her tongue; and if you went nearer, why, of course, for dry goods like flour and spice, you went by handfuls and pinches; and for wet, there was a middle-sized jug—quite the best thing, whether for much or little, because you might know how much a tea-cupful was, if you'd got any use of your senses, and you might be sure it would take five middle-sized jugs to make a gallon. Knowledge of this kind is like Titian's coloring, difficult to communicate; and as Mrs. Palfrey, once remarkably handsome, had now become rather stout and asthmatical, and scarcely ever left home, her oral teaching could hardly be given any where except at Long Meadows. Even a matron is not insusceptible to flattery, and the prospect of a visitor whose great object would be to listen to her conversation was not without its charms to Mrs. Palfrey. Since there was no receipt to be sent, in reply to Mr. Freely's humble request, she called on her more docile daughter, Penny, to write a note, telling him that her mother would be glad to see him and talk with him on brawn any day that he could call at Long Meadows. Penny obeyed with a trembling hand, thinking how wonderfully things came about in this world.

In this way Mr. Freely got himself introduced into the home of the Palfreys, and notwithstanding a tendency in the male part of the family to jeer at him a little as "peaky" and bow-legged, he presently established his position as an accepted and frequent guest. Young Towers looked at him with increasing disgust when they met at the house on a Sunday, and secretly longed to try his ferret upon him, as a piece of vermin which that valuable animal would be likely to tackle with unhesitating vigor. But—so blind sometimes are parents—neither Mr. nor Mrs. Palfrey suspected that Penny would have any thing to say to a tradesman of questionable rank whose youthful bloom was much withered. Young Towers, they thought, had an eye to her, and *that* was likely enough to be a match some day; but Penny was a child at present. And all the while Penny was imagining the circumstances under which Mr. Freely would make her an offer: perhaps down by the row of damson-trees, when they were in the garden before tea; perhaps by letter—in which case, how would the letter begin? "Dearest Penelope?" or "My dear Miss Penelope?" or straight off, without dear any thing, as seemed the most natural when people were embarrassed? But however he might make the offer, she would not accept it without her father's consent: she would always be true to Mr. Freely, but she would not disobey her father. For Penny was a good girl, though some of her female friends were afterward of opinion that it spoke ill for her not to have felt an instinctive repugnance to Mr. Freely.

But he was cautious, and wished to be quite sure of the ground he trod on. His views in marriage were not entirely sentimental, but were as duly mingled with considerations of what would be advantageous to a man in his position, as if he had had a very large amount of money spent on his education. He was not a man to fall in love in the wrong place, and so he applied himself quite as much to conciliate the favor of the parents as to secure the attachment of Penny. Mrs. Palfrey had not been inaccessible to flattery, and her husband, being also of mortal mould, would not, it might be hoped, be proof against rum—that very fine Jamaica rum of which Mr. Freely expected always to have a supply sent him from Jamaica. It was not easy to get Mr. Palfrey into the parlor behind the shop, where a mild back-street light fell on the features of the heroic admiral; but by getting hold of him rather late one evening, as he was about to return home from Grimworth, the aspiring lover succeeded in persuading him to sup on some collared beef, which, after Mrs. Palfrey's brawn, he would find the very best of cold eating.

From that hour Mr. Freely felt sure of success: being in privacy with an estimable man old enough to be his father, and being rather lonely in the world, it was natural he should unbosom himself a little on subjects which he could not speak of in a mixed circle—especially concerning his expectations from his uncle in Jamaica, who had no children, and loved his nephew Edward better than any one else in the world, though he had been so hurt at his leaving Jamaica that he had threatened to cut him off with a shilling. However, he had since written to state his full forgiveness, and though he was an eccentric old gentleman and could not bear to give away money during his life, Mr. Edward Freely could show Mr. Palfrey the letter which declared, plainly enough, who would be the affectionate uncle's heir. Mr. Palfrey actually saw the letter, and could not help admiring the spirit of the nephew who declared that such brilliant hopes as these made no difference to his conduct; he should work at his humble business and make his modest fortune at it all the same. If the Jamaica estate was to come to him, well and good. It was nothing very surprising for one of the Freely family to have an estate left him, considering the lands that family had possessed in time gone by—nay, still possessed in the Northumberland branch. Would not Mr. Palfrey take another glass of rum? and also look at the last year's balance of the accounts? Mr. Freely was a man who cared to possess personal virtues, and did not pique himself on his family, though some men would. We know how easily the great Leviathan may be led when once there is a hook in his nose or a bridle in his jaws. Mr. Palfrey was a large man, but, like Leviathan's, his bulk went against him when once he had taken a turning. He was not a mercurial man, who easily changed his point of view. Enough. Before two months were over he had given his consent to Mr. Freely's marriage with his daughter Penny, and having hit on a formula by which he could justify it, fenced off all doubts and objections, his own included. The formula was this: "I'm not a man to put my nose up an entry before I know where it leads."

Little Penny was very proud and fluttering, but hardly so happy as she expected to be in an engagement. She wondered if young Towers cared much about it, for he had not been to the house lately, and her sister and brothers were rather inclined to sneer than to sympathize. Grimworth rang with the news. All men extolled Mr. Freely's good fortune; while the women, with the tender solicitude characteristic of the sex, wished the marriage might turn out well.

While affairs were at this triumphant juncture, Mr. Freely one morning observed that a stone-carver who had been breakfasting in the eating-room had left a newspaper behind. It was the *X-shire Gazette*, and X-shire being a county not unknown to Mr. Freely, he felt some curiosity to glance over it, and especially over the advertisements. A slight flush came over his face as he read. It was produced by the following announcement: "If David Faux, son of Jonathan Faux, late of Gilsbrook, will apply at the office of Mr. Strutt, attorney, of Rodham, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Father's dead!" exclaimed Mr. Freely, involuntarily. "Can he have left me a legacy?"

CHAPTER III.

Perhaps it was a result quite different from your expectations that Mr. David Faux should have returned from the West Indies only a few years after his arrival there, and have set up in his old business, like any plain man who had never travelled. But these cases do occur in life. Since, as we know, men change their skies and see new constellations without changing their souls, it will follow sometimes that they don't change their business under those novel circumstances.

Certainly this result was contrary to David's own expectations. He had looked forward, you are aware, to a brilliant career among "the blacks;" but, either because they had already seen too many white men, or for some other reason, they did not at once recognize him as a superior order of human being; besides, there were no princesses among them. Nobody in Jamaica was anxious to maintain David for the mere pleasure of his society; and those hidden merits of a man which are so well known to himself were as little recognized there as they notoriously are in the effete society of the Old World. So that in the dark hints that David threw out at the Oyster Club about that life of Sultanic self-indulgence spent by him in the luxurious Indies, I really think he was doing himself a wrong; I believe he worked for his bread, and, in fact, took to cooking again, as, after all, the only department in which he could offer skilled labor. He had formed several ingenious plans by which he meant to circumvent people of large fortune and small faculty; but then he never met with exactly the right people under exactly the right circumstances. David's devices for getting rich without work had apparently no direct relation with the world outside him, as his confectionery receipts had. It is possible to pass a great many bad half-pennies and bad half crowns, but I believe there has no instance been known of passing a half-penny or a half crown as a sovereign. A sharper can drive a brisk trade in this world: it is undeniable that there may be a fine career for him, if he will dare consequences; but David was too timid to be a sharper, or venture in any way among the man-traps of the law. He dared rob nobody but his mother. And so he had to fall back on the genuine value there was in him—to be content to pass as a good half-penny, or, to speak more accurately, as a good confectioner. For, in spite of some additional reading and observation, there was nothing else he could make so much money by; nay, he found in himself even a capability of extending his skill in this direction, and embracing all forms of cookery, while in other branches of human labor he began to see that it was not possible for him to shine. Fate was too strong for him; he had thought to master her inclination, and had fled over the seas to that end; but she caught him, tied an apron round him, and snatching him from all other devices, made him devise cakes and patties in a kitchen at Kingstown. He was getting submissive to her, since she paid him with tolerable gains; but fevers and prickly-heat, and other evils incidental to cooks in ardent climates, made him long for his native land; so he took ship once more, carrying his six years' savings, and seeing distinctly, this time, what were fate's intentions as to his career. If you question me closely as to whether all the money with which he set up at Grimworth consisted of pure and simple earnings, I am obliged to confess that he got a sum or two for charitably abstaining from mentioning some other people's misdemeanors. Altogether, since no prospects were attached to his family name, and since a new christening seemed a suitable commencement of a new life, Mr. David Faux thought it as well to call himself Mr. Edward Freely.

But lo! now, in opposition to all calculable probability, some benefit appeared to be attached to the name of David Faux. Should he neglect it, as beneath the attention of a prosperous tradesman? It might bring him into contact with his family again, and he felt no yearnings in that direction: moreover, he had small belief that the "something to his advantage" could be any thing considerable. On the other hand, even a small gain is pleasant, and the promise of it in this instance was so surprising that David felt his curiosity awakened. The scale dipped at last on the side of writing to the lawyer, and, to be brief, the correspondence ended in an appointment for a meeting between David and his eldest brother at Mr. Strutt's, the vague "something" having been defined as a legacy from his father of eighty-two pounds three shillings.

David, you know, had expected to be disinherited; and so he would have been if he had not, like some other indifferent sons, come of excellent parents, whose conscience made them scrupulous, where much more highly instructed people often feel themselves warranted in following the bent of their indignation. Good Mrs. Faux could never forget that she had brought this ill-conditioned son into the world when he was in that entirely helpless state which excluded the smallest choice on his part; and, somehow or other, she felt that his going wrong would be his father's and mother's fault, if they failed in one tittle of their parental duty. Her notion of parental duty was not of a high and subtle kind, but it included giving him his due share of the family property; for when a man had got a little honest money of his own, was he so likely to steal? To cut the delinquent son off with a shilling was like delivering him over to his evil propensities. No; let the sum of twenty guineas which he had stolen be deducted from his share, and then let the sum of three guineas be put back from it, seeing that his mother had always considered three of the twenty guineas as his; and though he had run away, and was, perhaps, gone across the sea, let the money be left to him all the same, and be kept in reserve for his possible return. Mr. Faux agreed to his wife's views, and made a codicil to his will accordingly, in time to die with a clear conscience. But for some time his family thought it likely that David would never re-appear, and the eldest son, who had the charge of Jacob on his hands, often thought it a little hard that David might perhaps be dead, and yet, for want of certitude on that point, his legacy could not fall to his legal heir. But in this state of things the opposite certitude—namely, that David was still alive and in England—seemed to be brought by the testimony of a neighbor, who, having been on a journey to Cattleton, was pretty sure he had seen David in a gig, with a stout man driving by his side. He could "swear it was David," though he could "give no account why, for he had no marks on him; but no more had a white dog, and that didn't hinder folks from knowing a white dog." It was this incident which had led to the advertisement.

The legacy was paid, of course, after a few preliminary disclosures as to Mr. David's actual position. He begged to send his love to his mother, and to say that he hoped to pay her a dutiful visit by-and-by; but at present his business and near prospect of marriage made it difficult for him to leave home. His brother replied with much frankness:

"My mother may do as she likes about having you to see her, but, for my part, I don't want to catch sight of you on the premises again. When folks have taken a new name, they'd better keep to their new 'quinetance."

David pocketed the insult along with the eighty-two pounds three, and travelled home again in some triumph at the ease of a transaction which had enriched him to this extent. He had no intention of offending his brother by further claims on his fraternal recognition, and relapsed with full contentment into the character of Mr. Edward Freely, the orphan, scion of a great but reduced family, with an eccentric uncle in the West Indies. (I have already hinted that he had some acquaintance with imaginative literature; and being of a practical turn, he had, you perceive, applied even this form of knowledge to practical purposes.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 3.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday, 6.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday, 10.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 17.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 24.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Monday, 25.—Annunciation B.V.M.
Sunday, 31.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

DR. DUFF is dead. One of the heroes of the Christian faith, he will be remembered long in England, America, and India. He was born in 1806 in Perthshire, Scotland, and studied in the University of St. Andrews. Here he formed an intimacy with Dr. CHALMERS. In 1829 he was selected by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to lay the foundations of its first mission in East India. In this field Dr. DUFF had great success. He founded a college which became the largest of the kind in the East. Upon the disruption of the Scotch Church he joined the Free Church party, and in 1851 returned home. The succeeding four years were spent in arousing in the Christians of Great Britain and America a stronger sense of the importance of missions to heathen countries. In the prosecution of this purpose he visited the United States, where he attracted great attention by his extraordinary eloquence. In 1855 he went to India again, where he remained till 1863.

In pleading for missions Dr. DUFF displayed a fervor which gave his speeches overwhelming force. On one occasion, when addressing the Free Church Assembly on this theme, he fainted from exhaustion. He was carried to an adjoining room, and after a time revived. Expressing a desire to return and resume his speech, he was told that the consequences might be fatal to him. He insisted, however, upon appearing again before the Assembly and finishing what he had to say, declaring that if he must die, he would prefer that it should be then and there. Dr. DUFF was noted all over Scotland for his disinterestedness and spotless purity of character.

For several weeks the city of Rome has been the centre of interest for the civilized world. VICTOR EMANUEL has been buried with every demonstration of sorrow which the people could show. All classes were represented in the funeral procession, the priesthood excepted, and of priests there were a few. Soldiers, ambassadors, foreign princes, the members of the Houses of Parliament, working-men's clubs and unions, followed in a train, which was five hours reaching its destination. "To lookers-on it seemed," writes the correspondent of an English paper, "as indeed it was, a nation following to the grave a loved and honored sovereign, not undeservedly entitled *Pater Patriæ*. Italy, in the words of the inscription in the Pantheon, mourns for him as a child for a parent, glories in him as a mother in her child."

At the time of this writing, the Pope lies in St. Peter's Church, and preparations are making for his interment. The Conclave of Cardinals, when it meets, is likely to have full liberty of action; the Catholic powers are, however, asserting their right of veto. According to the *Liberta* of Rome, there are three parties in the Sacred College—the Irreconcilables, the Compromisers, and the advocates of the maintenance of the present position of the papacy. The first party is led by Cardinal MANNING; the second will support Cardinal MORETTI, Archbishop of Ravenna; the third, Cardinal LUIGI DI CANOSSA, Archbishop of Verona. The late Pope's wealth is reported to amount to nearly $22,000,000.

The Rev. GEORGE F. PENTECOST has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston. This act will close the controversy between him and the church on one side, and the Association of which he is a member on the other, in relation to open communion. Mr. PENTECOST will hereafter devote himself to the work of an evangelist. He succeeded Mr. MOODY at Providence, where he had large success. From Providence he has gone to Hartford.

Bishop GIBBONS, formerly of the Roman Catholic diocese of Richmond, was installed as Archbishop of Baltimore on Sunday, February 10, with much ceremony. Many priests and bishops participated, among others the Rev. Dr. CONROY, Bishop of Ardagh, Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate to Canada. The successor of Archbishop GIBBONS in the see of Richmond will be Monsignor SILAS M. CHATARD, the head of the American College in Rome. Dr. CHATARD is a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland.

China is suffering from another famine. Crops have failed in the north and northwestern provinces of Chihli, Honan, Shansi, and Shensi. In Shansi the drought has lasted three years, and food supplies are entirely exhausted. The area of these four provinces is 246,721 square miles, and their population between seventy and eighty millions. As there are no railroads in China, the conveyance of grain to the sufferers is very difficult. The Christian missionaries in Pekin and Tien-tsin have volunteered to distribute relief funds, and have drawn up an appeal to England and America. Already contributions have been forwarded by European residents of China.

Dr. CROSBY'S war upon the dram-shops has proved to be effectual, in spite of the difficulty in securing prosecutions of offenders. Out of 7874 keepers of drinking places, nearly 2000 have been driven from the business. The new excise law is still before the Legislature, but its passage is most energetically opposed by Dr. CROSBY and his friends.

The election of Dr. SEYMOUR as Bishop of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, has been approved by a majority of the Standing Committees of the Protestant Episcopal dioceses.

The Free-will Baptists of the United States report, in their Register for 1878, 40 yearly meetings, 165 quarterly meetings, 1343 churches, 1188 ordained preachers, and 75,826 communicants. The State having the largest number of churches is Maine, with 280; New Hampshire comes next, with 118. The principal Free-will Baptist colleges are Bates, at Lewiston, Maine, and Hillsdale, at Hillsdale, Michigan.

The Baptists have in Massachusetts 289 churches and 48,906 members. The net gain in members for 1877 is 1591. Of the whole number of churches, 131 have less than 100 members each, and 40 have less than 50 each; 54, or about one-fourth of the whole number of pastors, were settled in 1877. In the provinces of Ontario and Quebec the Baptists have 390 churches. In the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island there are 344 Baptist churches. In Ontario and Quebec the members number 26,762; in the three lower provinces, 36,691. This will give a total for the Dominion of Canada of 734 Baptist churches and 63,453 members.

Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY, after creating a wondrous fervor for temperance in Springfield, Massachusetts, has gone to Washington. As, like COOK and MOODY, he has become one of the most noted of the popular speakers of the time, a description of him will not be out of place. "He is a short man," says the editor of *Sunday Afternoon*, "about as tall as MOODY, but not quite so stout, although his chest is full and his limbs are muscular. The face is Celtic but shapely, the bright eyes look out from under heavy eyebrows, the clean-shaven jaw is firm, and the generous mouth is curtained by a black mustache. A good-natured man beyond a doubt, and on the best of terms with his environment." Mr. MURPHY is a Methodist; usually opens his addresses with the reading of the Bible, and tells the story of his life in the most dramatic way. With all his earnestness, he avoids controversy, declaring that he will not quarrel with any body.

The Presbytery of Newark, New Jersey, will prosecute no farther the case of the Rev. I. M. SEE, censured and requested to resign for permitting a woman to occupy his pulpit. Mr. SEE has refused to resign. The Presbytery have it in their power to dissolve Mr. See's pastoral connection with the Wickliffe Street Church, but have decided not to do so.

Australia has adopted a system of "free, compulsory, and secular education," which is most energetically resisted by the Roman Catholic clergy of the colony. It has been in operation since 1872. At the recent session of the Legislature a petition of 18,000 Catholics was presented asking for a separate grant of public money for their parish schools. The Minister of Education stated, in opposition to the prayer of the petitioners, that 50,000 Catholic children attended the state schools, and only 13,000 of them private schools. A former Minister of Education declared that the Catholic children were "trooping into the state schools." The subject of dividing the education grant was discussed two or three nights, and at the end of the debate the appropriation in aid of the secular system was agreed to without a division. The feeling of the House was strongly against concession to the Catholic claims.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the accounts given of numerous disasters at sea is the terrible story of shipwreck and suffering told by the survivors of the crew of the schooner *Sallie M. Stedman*, who were recently brought to this city by the schooner *Speedwell*. The *Stedman* left Charleston, South Carolina, December 17, bound for Baltimore, and had been out forty-five days, when the crew, in a starving and exhausted condition, were rescued by the *Speedwell*. On December 30 they had encountered a hurricane, which lasted seventy hours, and during which they lost their sails and boat, and every movable thing was swept from the decks. The schooner was driven far off the coast, and the store of provisions began to be fearfully small, and on January 23 the last was eaten. The crew consisted of captain, mate, cook, and four seamen, all of whom labored at the pumps—the vessel having sprung a leak—and in the management of the schooner until almost entirely exhausted. Three of them utterly gave up, and were sent to the forecastle, unable to do any thing more. But there, frenzied by hunger, one of them was shot by a comrade, with whom he was quarrelling; and so ravenous were all from long lack of food that they fed upon the human flesh with starving relish. Fortunately the next day, January 31, the *Speedwell* came in sight, and the remaining six were rescued.

Early in January an incident occurred in England, which the superstitious regarded as an omen of war between the British and Russian crowns. An enormous eagle was seen hovering over Windsor Castle, and finally perched upon the walls. Prince Christian, with several keepers, endeavored to shoot it, but in vain. A trap was then laid, in which the eagle became entangled, but tore itself away, leaving one of its imperial toes in the mesh.

Sun-Hsing-Keng, one of the first architects and sculptors of the Celestial Empire, and eighteen Chinese architects, sculptors, and painters, have arrived in Paris for the purpose of erecting their palace at the Trocadéro.

As a result of an elaborate series of investigations by a medical man of Brooklyn, it appears that not over one in three of the human race have legs of equal length—the left leg in a majority of cases being of extra length. The average superiority of one over the other is about a quarter of an inch. After treatment for fracture of the thigh, a limb may be expected to shorten about three-fourths of an inch. Moral: it is wiser to break the left than the right thigh—a consideration which all should bear in mind.

A narrow escape. A large bridge over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, which was opened to the public about two years ago, was reported unsafe last December. On February 9 it was closed to the public; on February 10 one of its arches fell, quickly followed by nine other arches.

The so-called "Mauch Chunk miracle," to which allusion was made in these columns last week, has been pronounced by the archbishop as "a delusion and pious fraud." He desires to mark the whole proceeding and the chief actors in it with his distinct and unqualified disapprobation and condemnation, and to say that any repetition of any thing of the sort in that diocese will be visited by the severest censures authorized by the laws of the Church.

More fishery troubles have arisen on the Newfoundland coast. The natives object to American fishermen catching herring for bait in Fortune Bay. A quarrel has occurred, and several American vessels were forced to abandon the attempt to take a cargo.

Can any body beside the discoverers keep account of the new asteroids? Every little while a new one is announced, and the end seems not near. The last one is announced by Professor Foerster, of Berlin, as discovered by Palisa on the 8th of February, being a planet of the twelfth magnitude.

"Defalcation"—which means neither more nor less than "stealing" in one of its worst forms—is growing fearfully frequent. By-and-by the business world will begin to realize that no important interests should be committed to any one without safeguards. Supervision of some kind should be exercised over those who are in positions of trust; and every wise and honest man will not only be willing to have such supervision, but will insist upon it as something due to himself. The fact that for nine years the trusted paying teller of a prominent bank in this city has been carrying on systematic defalcation that would have been revealed by proper investigation gives a clew to the cause of many bank failures and business misfortunes.

Mrs. Chisolm (the widow of Judge Chisolm and mother of Nellie Chisolm, who were murdered by a Mississippi mob) has lately been appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department at $900 a year. Her only remaining child is a bright little boy of twelve years. Mrs. Chisolm is still the recipient of anonymous and threatening letters, which recall the events of the past year. Recently she received one from Chicago, warning her that by having come North and accepting government aid she will forfeit her standing in the South, will be ostracized socially, and that it will never be safe for her to go back to Mississippi.

A new and elegant hall for lectures has just been erected in Park Street, Boston, on the site of the old Dr. Warren mansion. As a fitting honor to the memory of a distinguished man, it is called "Hawthorne Hall."

St. Paul's Cathedral is to have a peal of bells, which, with the inclosing cage, will cost about £6000. The weight of the whole peal will be eleven tons.

Distant nations are every day becoming more our neighbors. The King of Siam is now considering the expediency of sending thirty boys—sons of princes and nobles—to this country for an education. The Siamese government has applied to Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, for full information in regard to the Chinese students now in this country, and will doubtless soon follow the example of China and Japan by sending youths here to be trained in our schools and colleges.

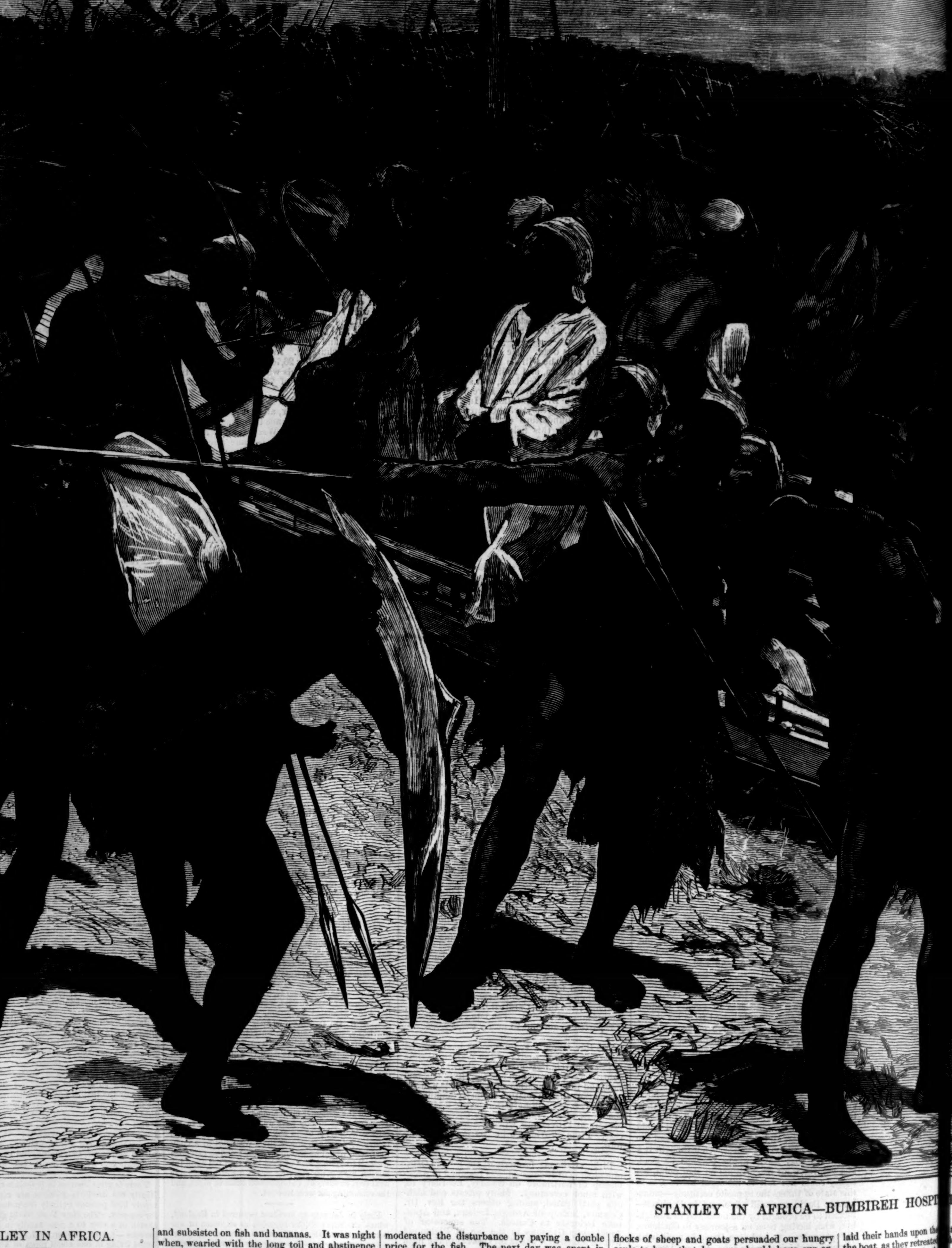
A novel industry has been started in Mansfield, Massachusetts—the manufacture of jewelry out of sour milk. The milk comes in the shape of curd from the butter and cheese making counties in New York, and after having undergone a wonderful change, receives the name of American coral. The secret in making it up is carefully guarded; but it is certain that it has to be heated very hot, during which coloring matter is introduced, followed by a very heavy pressure. Some of it is colored black and called jet, while some appears as celluloid. It makes very handsome jewelry.

Work on the Museum of Art in Central Park is going on rapidly during the present winter. The interior is thronged with mechanics.

Japan has now eleven foreign journals—nine English, one American, and one French. During the past year two new ones have been started—the *Japan Times*, in Yokohama, and the *Kinsu Times*, in Nagasaki.

Tobacco adulterations are discussed in a big book, containing an account of seizures made of spurious cigars by the British government within the last ten or fifteen years. Almost every thing seems to enter into the composition of the spurious article—husks of wheat and oats, cotton, wool, seeds, wood, bread, coca-nut fibre, nails, grindings of pipes, glue, glycerine, gum-arabic, yellow ochre, logwood, lamp-black, Venetian red, sugar, salt, starch, and so many other ingredients that we pause here to take breath.

There is great distress in Hoboken among the poor. Nearly 600 destitute families are reported, making nearly 3000 persons entirely dependent upon charity for support. The New York *World* gives a touching sketch of a visit to a poor family in Hoboken. Ten persons—father, mother, and eight children—were found living in one small room of a tenement. The father, far gone in consumption, and coughing terribly, was crouching over a low fire. Inquiries brought the following answers: "It's not a sthroke av worruck I've done since April. There's tin av us to feed, an' me not able to do a sthroke, even if I could get the worruck. It's how many childer have I? There's eight av thim; four is at school, Sor, an' the other four you see here. The mother is out washin' now. It's little she gits av that to do, but what little she gits has to kape the family. Don't the town help me? Not much, Sor. The only thing I cared for was the oatmale, an' they've took that away. What am I goin' to do? Go into the hospital, Sor, as for mesilf; an' as for the family, I'll have to lave them with God."



STANLEY IN AFRICA—BUMBIREH HOSPI

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

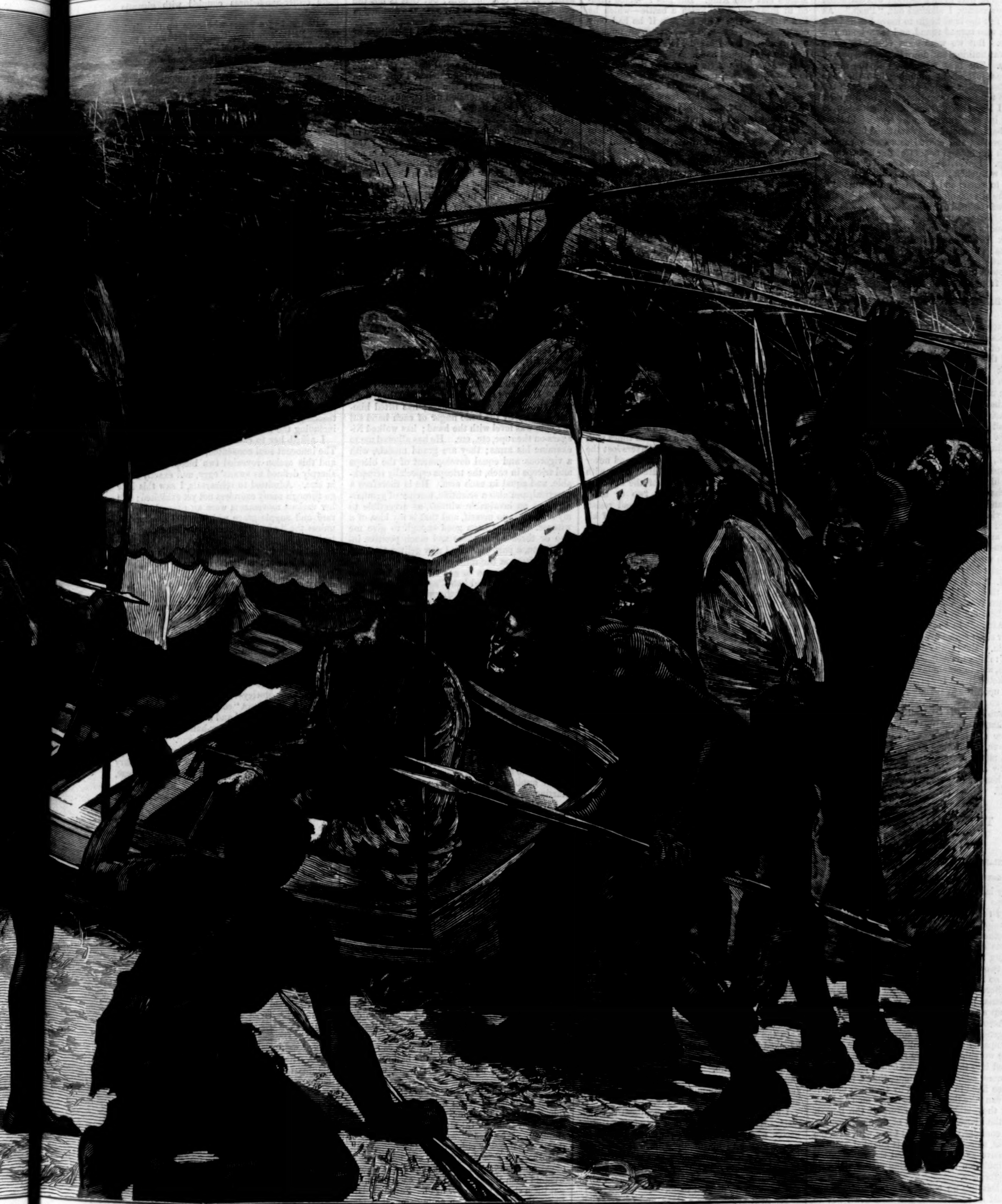
BUMBIREH HOSPITALITY.

Bumbireh Island is in Lake Victoria, situated nearly midway along the western shore, and from eight to ten miles from it at its southern end. It is a dependency of Ihangiro, whose king is tributary to **Mtesa**, Emperor of Uganda. Our acquaintance with this island began the night previous to the extraordinary scene now sketched.

We had a long pull from the minatory Wahya, on the main-land, to an island which was thirty-five miles distant, which I called Alice Island, the population of which I afterward learned was very small, and subsisted on fish and bananas. It was night when, wearied with the long toil and abstinence from food, we drew our boat close to a shingly beach at the base of a bluff, in which was a cavernous recess, where there were two men, a woman, and a boy curing fish, whose smoke had blackened the roof and traced its upward course by a long black line along the face of the cliff. My sailors were so hungry, the fishermen so weak and unresisting, that while I was preparing my hard bed in the boat they forgot themselves, and seized and began to devour the fish without purchase or bargain. The expostulations of the fishermen were loud and angry, and attracted my attention, and on learning the cause of the trouble, I soon moderated the disturbance by paying a double price for the fish. The next day was spent in rowing toward Bumbireh, and by night we arrived under the lee of Barker's Island, with the extreme northeast end of Bumbireh close by. The fish we had purchased at Alice Island had been all consumed early in the morning as a breakfast, and this night we went to sleep hungry and supperless. About nine o'clock we were awakened by a tremendous storm, and our condition became extremely miserable.

The next morning, after wringing our clothes, we departed about 8 A.M. for the great island, whose slopes presented thick groves of bananas and clusters of villages, while browsing cattle and flocks of sheep and goats persuaded our hungry souls to hope that here we should have our extreme hunger satisfied.

We coasted along to its eastern shore, looking out for a quiet cove, in doing which, had not hunger blinded us, we ought to have been warned from the evidences of excitement we saw that the Bumbireh natives were disposed to ill-treat us rather than sell us food. However, the Fates and my hunger-bitten people, now deaf to all considerations of safety, impelled us to a quiet cove at the southeastern end. The natives cunningly moderated their excitement as we approached and hesitated near the beach, and smilingly came toward us, until they were knee-deep, until they laid their hands upon th
the boat, as they retreate
As soon as they felt th
ground they became mo
their demeanor was on
and friendliness, so muc
to my headstrong follow
Feni, who was then co
ever afterward—was
upon their friendliness.
a force of 200 to coll
pealed over the hills fr
sighted us. They were
in numbers, and their
instant. They laid ho



HOSPI LITY.—[From a Sketch by H. M. Stanley.]

Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

upon th t, and gently pulled
retreated kward up the beach.
felt th at's keel touch the
me me iable than ever, and
was on extravagant delight
so muc that all I could urge
follow ailed nothing. Sa-
hen co in—he regretted it
—was to risk his head
lliness. id not take long for
to coll the war-cries had
hills fr e first moment they
were trong and confident
their nor changed in an
aid ho the boat while we

were still seated, and drew her up by main force over the hard rocky shore, until she was between twenty and thirty feet high and dry on the land. Then began a scene almost indescribable. Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when every bow was drawn to its utmost, and every spear quivered in the hand as though in the act to launch, and clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads, is more than I can say. We were in for it fairly, and our lives were not worth a moment's purchase. Yet while I took a hard breath, to hear and endure the worst, neither arrow flew, nor spear was launched, nor club thrown. A chief named **Shekka** had come, whom we afterward found out to be the king of the island, and he, with great ostentation, struck his stick on the boat, and announced that such a capture demanded "talk." About fifty of the principal men went aside about twenty yards to discuss the matter. But these could not agree, and they all rose up with the full intent to murder. I laid my hands upon my revolvers, and kept my eyes open, keenly alive to all that was passing, and those bows drawn tautest received special attention. The steadiness of my looks disconcerted them, and again bows were unstrung; but if they could not make up their minds to dispatch us at once, it did not restrain them from acting in the most brutal, wild manner. They seized my hair and tugged it vengefully; one of my men received a severe blow on the head; another received a savage poke in the ribs with the iron end of a spear. I warned my men to be steady, and by no means to do any thing to excite their thirst for blood. Their calm behavior acted on the savages, and brought on another discussion, which was terminated in a sudden and abrupt manner by a number of them seizing our oars, thus in their minds securing us against departure.

Discussion after discussion followed as to what next, and our suspense was protracted until 3 P. M., when the big drum summoned all the natives to war. They were kind enough to notify us that they intended to cut our throats, and to tell us in a scornful manner to get ready. We had already given valuable presents, and would have given every cloth in the boat had they demanded it. The final preparations, however, were not to be mistaken, and my instinct warned me that the time had arrived to act.

"Boys, be careful what you answer me. Do you think you could shove this boat into the water, to save your lives?"

They all replied in a positive manner in the affirmative. I sent **Safeni** forward to the mustering bands with a fine cloth that I had reserved for a last trial, and the men took their positions carelessly along the sides of the boat. After allowing **Safeni** time to proceed about twenty paces from us, and seeing that their attention was attracted by his movements, I shouted out, "Push." As soon as I felt the boat begin to move I called out to Safeni, who turned round, and came bounding toward us. But we were soon observed. The distance was nothing, and down the natives poured toward us. The boat was shot into the water. Safeni was just about plunging into the lake when I observed a couple of tall savages in the act, about ten paces from him, of throwing their spears. I hesitated no longer. The two were shot dead instantly, and we were saved. Furious at being baffled, the savages swarmed into three canoes close by, and chased us as we were paddling with the bottom boards of the boat, which we tore up. Perceiving that we could never hope to escape with such improvised paddles, I ordered them to cease, and waited for the pursuers. Two of the advancing canoes were smashed, and the third was obliged to hasten ashore in a sinking condition. What occurred afterward is chronicled in the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph* and New York *Herald*, and is fresh in our memories, and in detail in our note-books. Days of famine, days of suffering, vexation, annoyance, and sickness, followed the exposure we were put to after our flight from Bumbireh Island.

NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN WAGANDA AND WAVUMA.

The Waganda and Wavuma are hereditary enemies. Kamanya, grandfather of the present Emperor of Uganda, first conquered the warlike people of this large island, and his Suna, his father, took it upon him to tame them. Mtesa burned to distinguish himself against them, and they have never been loath to give him cause for war. It has been their custom from their natural audacity to levy tribute upon the coasts of Usoga and Uganda, and to a haughty monarch like Mtesa this became in time unbearable.

Accordingly, while I was retracing my way to Usayemba, Mtesa invited Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, since murdered by the Baris, to accompany him to the war. M. Linant refused, as he was charged with an embassy from Colonel Gordon, and, having terminated it, had no other object in view save immediate departure. Mtesa summoned all his tributaries to send warriors to the war, and mustered all his canoes from his great island, Sesse, where his principal arsenals are. The total number which I counted on my second visit under his flag was over 420, large and small. The Wavuma, on the other hand, mustered all their fleets of war canoes, and engaged the Eastern Wasoga and the neighboring islands to lend them aid to resist the great monarch of Central Africa. In short, it was Athens appealing to her sister states to resist the mighty Xerxes over again. Mtesa was deep in the war when I returned to him to resume the work of Christianizing him, and to obtain my promised aid of men.

The sketch [page 169] represents the Wavuma dashing upon the Waganda fleet (nearly 800 canoes are engaged in action), with a hate approaching the sublime. The island is situated midway in the channel separating Uvuma from Uganda. Of course a great many unfortunates were lost in this war, as in other wars. I finally stopped it, that I might prosecute my researches on Lake Albert, by a stratagem which brought peace to Uvuma, honor and glory to the Waganda, and aid to myself.

H. M. Stanley.

THE COMING MAN.

LETTER IV.

FROM CHARLES READE TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus nunc ille sinistrâ.

In my last, I said that the greatest effort of the biceps muscle is oftenest done by the left arm, and the highest triumph of swift and precise manipulation with the left hand; and, to test whether the alleged superiority of the right arm rests on observation and nice estimate of conflicting evidence, I invited people to say what are the two public feats I allude to.

I get no reply.

Yet there are men about town so overflowing with mental power, that the Weeklies have had to set up a waste-pipe for their intellects; it is called Acrostic.

The general inability to solve so easy a problem, compared with the mildest Acrostic, shows that the worshippers of the right hand have never looked into the matter like adults; and is one proof more, added to a million, that a blind notion once fixed in the mind, by tradition or divination, can take the very eyes out of men's heads.

Well then—the greatest effort of the human arm is the knock-down blow of the pugilist—for here is combined the greatest force with extreme swiftness, since the opponent is guarded, skillful, and evasive as a shadow; and the masterpiece of manipulation is the fingering of the violin by able performers.

This last has no equal. The piano-forte has keys half an inch broad, and laid down flat to suit the hands: the violin has to be conquered from first to last; held in a cramped and painful position that strains the left arm and wrist; no keys nor frets to guide the fingers; the flying digits of a blindly vilified hand must strike every division to a hair. Swift as lightning, yet sure as clock-work, is the left hand of Ole Bull, Sivori, Joachim, Neruda.

No evidence is required to prove this; and little evidence to prove that in the prize-ring the left arm plays the leading part. I do not mean to say it is the stronger arm. The pugilist, like the rest of us, has been a mere right-handed man for seventeen or eighteen years before he begins his partial cure. Probably, if a man of straw were put up to be knocked down, many prize-fighters could deal it a somewhat heavier blow with the right than the left; and we know that the right hand has sometimes settled a fight; for instance, Mace's last with King. But how? Mace rushed in incautiously to finish a battle—which he had virtually won with his left, if he had only continued prudent—and gave King an unusual opportunity. But I say the left is the quick hitter, and the leading hand.

However, it is not for me to play the oracle, or to waste time over a single vein of evidence. I will call the first authority in England, Mr. E. Smith. He has been the Referee in all the leading prize-fights for many years, and attended them long before his first official act. Such a man, like an umpire at cricket matches, sees more great games, and with a more vigilant eye, than any mere player.

Mr. Smith authorizes me to say that the left is the leading hand, and the greater the science, the greater its superiority. The right is for defense, when the play is fine, and to get in blows when the left hand has staggered an opponent, or they come to close quarters in a rally; for then a pugilist can be hit as easily as a novice. Effective blows at full distance are generally struck with the left. The accomplished Boxer, at the commencement of a fight, constantly delivers his left, and then gets away. There have been bull-dog fighters, such as Hudson, Cannon, O'Neale, Hammer Lane, Crawley, and Mason, who used to hit left and right, and then rush in to close quarters. These men had their successes; but they could never prevail in unbought fights against accomplished Boxers. They never ventured on Tom Spring; and though Ward, a scientific fighter, sold a fight to Hudson, who was a child in his hands, the same Ward, when on the square, disposed of Cannon in eleven minutes, and Cannon had defeated Hudson twice. Two fatal blows struck by Owen Swift were both with the left. Young Dutch Sam and Randall could never be got at with the right, and Tom Spring but rarely. Heenan knocked Sayers down thirteen times with the left, and once with the right. Sayers lost the full use of his right early in the fight, and never struck a genuine blow with it. He fought with his left only, and in the course of the fight administered many keen hits, and two or three blows so tremendous—owing to the dead resistance offered by the weight and gallantry of his heroic opponent—that the very sound of them is described as sickening. This light-weight, though he was knocked down fourteen times, one arm disabled, his face cut all to pieces, and his blood running away without intermission through the whole fight, did, nevertheless, with his left alone, raise a bump on Heenan's head as large as a man's fist, open his cheek in places, and close both his eyes so effectually that, toward the close of the fight, he sparred first at the referee, and then at one of the seconds, taking them for Sayers; and, after the fight, my informant, who went home with him, had to take his leg with both hands and guide his foot to the step of the carriage. This was left-handed work, and a small man against a big one, as brave as he was big.

In the mysterious fight between Heenan and King, the superiority of Heenan was self-evident. Yet he would not play Heenan. He would not hit. At last, being taunted a bit, he gave a snarl at his commentators, took a spring, and knocked his opponent into the air, so that in falling his head struck the ground first, and he did not come to time, and there the fight ended by the rules of the ring. I saw this blow given. It was a left-handed blow.

But I select from my informant's stores a bloodless incident. Harry Broome had a Benefit at the Westminster Baths in those days when sparring was respectable, and under severe control of the Referee. He solicited Jem Ward, who held the Champion's belt from 1826 to 1831, to spar for his Benefit. The elderly pugilist consented; but on the platform he said, in the hearing of Mr. Smith, "Now, Harry, here's my Nut; get at it if you can; but remember I am an old man, and don't take liberties with me here," putting his hand on his rising stomach.

However, the Bénéficiaire could not get at the ex-champion's nut, and did hit him in what Poets call the bread-basket. He felt rather sick, and asked Mr. Smith for a glass of brandy; when he had sipped it, he said, "I came here to oblige him, not to show him all I know; but if this is the game, I'll hit him once, and he will never come again."

In the very next round he let out his left, and knocked Mr. Broome clean off the stage, over the ropes, head-foremost among the people; and he did not come again. Now this was with the left hand, and a soft glove, such as gentlemen use in sparring, not the sanguinary cestus, that has been lately invented for public shows.

I know Mr. Ward, and he remembers the incident. Mr. Ward was the best fighter in his day, except when wicked people conveyed a hundred-pound note into his manly palm. He used till lately to keep a public-house, and paint old masters. I was once near buying one of him; for the main objection to the old masters is removed when one knows who painted them.

My next evidence is a class, and of great authority; for, suppose a number of men and women who had all their lives studied to perfect one limb, would they not be oracles about that limb? and, by the same rule, if there are men and women who gain their bread and fame by perfecting the whole body and all the limbs, surely these persons must be infallible as to whether the trained and perfect man is right-handed, or left-handed, or either-handed.

Now there is such a class, small in numbers, but wide in impartiality, for it is of both sexes and all nations—THE GYMNASTS, MALE AND FEMALE.

If the right-handed theory is true, it must be the interest of the gymnasts to carry it farther than any other people.

Instead of that, they are all more either-handed than the world; and, *notâ bene*, the more eminent, the more either-handed.

Gymnasts have two lines—the strong, and the agile. A few combine both; but that is not the general practice; and, at any rate, the distinction itself is sound, and useful in argument.

For many years I have watched both lines of business with interest and close observation. In the agile and graceful, including the feats upon the bar, the Trapeze, the aerial flights, the treble somersaults, and the flying catches, I observe an evenness of the body, a simultaneous action of both limbs, a level extension and equally prehensile power of both hands, that no positively right-handed, nor left-handed, person is capable of.

In the strong men and women I notice, even in repose, a marked and equal development of the great femoral sinew above each knee; and in action, when the male or female athlete puts up the agile, and holds him or her in the air with straightened arms, the outburst of muscle seems equal in both arms, nor is there any *perceptible* difference in the size of the arms nor their strength.

So far I venture to call myself as a witness, because mine are genuine observations of performers whose costume reveals the action of every muscle, and were made many years before I ever thought to use them in any public argument. Still my readers are entitled to higher authority, and shall have it.

I will call Farini.

This gentleman was recommended to me by a learned physician as the highest authority in Europe, for the reasons that follow.

It seems he studied Anatomy and Medicine professionally, and obtained his diploma, but presently caught sight of a great field in scientific gymnastics, and turned his mind zealously that way. He knows the whole art, and has done both strong and agile business; has lifted himself entirely by the little finger of each hand till the chin was level with the hand; has walked Niagara on the rope, etc., etc. He has allowed me to examine his arms; they are grand models, with a vigorous and equal development of the biceps and triceps in each, the triceps especially remarkable, and equal in each arm. He is therefore a practical, and also a scientific, teacher of gymnastics, and an invaluable witness, as accessible to my readers as to myself, and that is my idea of a witness. He has been good enough to give me two or three conferences and much positive information, a part of which I now deliver from my notes written at the time.

He authorizes me to say that "the lop-handed" and "game-legged habit"—these are his own terms—are the curse of the youthful gymnast. All his pupils come to him infected, and this is his order of instruction: 1st. He teaches them to *fall*, so that they may never hurt themselves in the least, even in practicing at the low bar, a few feet above the suspended carpet. 2d. He sets himself to train both arms and legs to equal force and suppleness. This is his foundation-stone. At this he stays until it is mastered. The suppleness, evenness, and grace of the perfect gymnast can never, he assures me, be attained unless the limbs have been equalized. Some pupils are quick at this equalization, others slow. He has had to tie the legs together, to tie the right arm, and to stop all exercises for weeks, except with the left leg, and left arm. But he never gives in, because the succeeding steps of his science would be ill applied if he let the pupil go awry at starting.

Farini declares, from experience, that there is by nature no difference whatever between the right and left limbs of the human body; but the well-meaning and misguided females, to whom our race is confided in infancy, get hold of it when it can be moulded like a lump of clay, and easily do it a mischief, which can not be cured years afterward without a deal of trouble; because the body is now older, less ductile, and made stiff and stubborn by a fixed bad habit.

In short, custom is every thing, teste Farini. His pupils come game-legged and lop-armed by custom, and by custom he cures them. By custom, in his opinion, the whole human race could be made as either-handed and even-legged as he makes his pupils, if the teaching began in infancy.

He tells me that he has been driven—in spite of a prejudice he shared with every man—to conclude that the great weakness of women is due not so much to Nature, as to their early neglect of muscular training, except dancing, in which they are not weak. In no other way can he account for their endurance in the ball-room, and their power and agility in the arena, whenever they train.

He says that, in the agile and graceful business of the gymnast, they can make themselves, as a rule, superior to the men; yet in those rarer cases where they train for the strong, they acquire great strength. I confine myself to examples of this, that also exemplify either-handedness.

Nathalie, a French gymnast, and not a woman of extraordinary build, can take two fifty-six pound weights from the ground, one in each hand, and put them slowly above her head. Farini explains to me that putting up an agile gymnast is mere child's play, compared with this, because, in dealing with the live object, the strong stoops, the agile springs, and the strong arms are at an angle of forty-five before the weight tells: now the arms as they near the perpendicular can *hold* up three times the dead-weight they can *put* up.

Nathalie can do "the cross," which consists in putting the hands into two rings lowered by ropes, and then raising the body, then extending both arms, and so sustaining the body by the horizontal arms. A few gymnasts can do "the one-arm horizontal planche." This is effected by extending the body from the bar, supported only by one hand grasping the bar with the knuckles downward. But Nathalie can do this with either hand, and then put the other hand behind her and take the bar with it and hold the body horizontal by that hand. Farini does not know a male athlete who can do this; yet it is not knack; it is complete either-handedness coupled with gigantic strength.

Nathalie has a sister who goes up the slack rope. Farini saw her pitted against twenty sailors. The sailors had a slack rope; she had another. The sailors had their choice of the ropes. A sailor went up as far as he could; the gymnast went as high on her rope at the same time. Sailor came down tired, the lady fresh. Another sailor went up, the lady ditto, and so on. She wore out the whole twenty, having gone up an aggregate of feet higher than St. Peter's Church at Rome. This feat is due to great strength, complete either-handedness, and the athlete's power of pinching a rope with the sinews of the lower limbs.

To these examples of custom (for training is only custom), I beg to add that I have three times seen Madame Senyah—a grand Anglo-Saxon whose name is Haynes—do the ordinary business of the Trapeze—though she can not weigh less than thirteen stone—and then come down the rope head-foremost, twist one leg round it, hang down by that leg, put a mouth-piece, with three leathern straps attached, into her mouth, and, in that position, head downward, and hanging by one leg, hold three great hulking fellows dangling in the air for ever so long—by her teeth. Gazing on which, I did bethink me of a sentence by *le petit* Dumas. It begins, "La femme est un être si faible—" I forget how it ends.

Zazel.—This young lady is not another authority, being a pupil of Farini's, but she is a good example. She shows at present only three feats in public, but is a rising gymnast, and very enthusiastic. I have conversed with her on this topic. She tells me she soon got rid of the right-handed and right-legged mania under Farini's teaching, and is equally mistress of both limbs, including the feet.

I asked her to double her little fists for me. The innocent soul consented, with a bright laugh, and this action revealed two biceps muscles as sharply defined as swans' eggs, and exactly equal in size. Admitted to rehearsals, I saw this lady go through many exercises not yet exhibited; and her various movements were an example of that rare and supple grace which Farini despairs of, unless the limbs have been equalized early in the training.

And what does it all come to? This scientific teacher does not make *monsters;* he *cures* them; he gradually restores the young to Nature, if they do not come to him too stereotyped in inequality. Every young cat in England, and monkey in Ceylon, is as even-limbed, supple, and graceful as Leotard, Lulu, or Zazel.

The next witnesses are cricketers. This game offers some encouragement to the tardy cure of the lop mania; and consequently every modern cricketer can stop or catch a ball with either hand, and a few struggle back to Nature altogether. Mycroft—J. C. Shaw—H. N. Powys, Esq.—Wootton—Morley—D. Buchanan, Esq.—E. Rutter, Esq.—are all not "coming men," but "come." They bowl left-handed and bat right, or *vice versâ*. In a word, they are either-handed. The above facts are given me by Mr. Otteway.

Mr. Pickering, I hear, could throw with either hand in his day. In 1861, teste the Rev. Henry St. John Reade, Mr. Morris, of Magdalen College, Oxford, bowled well with either hand; and in 1860–63, Oxford boasted two brothers, Gillett, who could both use their limbs naturally. The younger could throw a ball a hundred yards with the right, and ninety with the left.

The feat is so superlative, that I can not help asking Mr. Gillett, if he is in England, to let us know how many years old he was before he trained the left. I have no means of divining his reply; but it must be invaluable; for here the question whether we are lop-handed by Nature, or Malpractice, is pinned, and no evasion possible to either side. If he practiced throwing with both arms from his childhood, his right arm was by Nature superior ten per cent. If his right arm had fifteen years' start, the facts are like a voice from Heaven to prove the equality by Nature of both arms, and the power of early custom; and its limits, if resisted at puberty.

There was lately a very skillful surgeon who could operate with either hand. Mr. Wakley, I am assured, saved a life by a left-handed operation. In Paris, young surgeons practice both hands. Dr. Quain has given me a piece of excellent writing done by a gentleman with his left hand, whose right hand is disabled. Dr. Quain assures me it is better writing than the gentleman ever wrote with his right, and was acquired in a twentieth part of the time. Netherclift, the expert, deposes to me that Lord Nelson wrote a bad hand with his right, lost that hand, and soon wrote a good hand with his left. More remarkable still, a correspondent, by way of comment on my first letter, has sent me specimens with each hand, both superior writing.

Mr. Burns, property-master at the Olympic Theatre, and a very skillful carpenter, can use hammer, chisel, or gouge with either hand, and carve wood with either, even in delicate work.

Messrs. Telbin and Craven, scene-painters, can both paint with the left or the right, teste Henrico Neville. For older examples among painters, see *Left-handedness*, by Dr. Daniel Wilson, page 20.

All the best steam-loom weavers can sit between two power-looms, watch, stop, repair threads, etc., right and left, and are paid accordingly.

All the fast type-writers, principally women, are either-handed, and by that means alone can print one hundred words a minute, and make a good livelihood, teste Dr. Hamilton, of Gloucester Terrace, who has kindly aided me in these researches.

Ask a gentleman who is driving four-in-hand to shift the reins from his left hand into his right. The man feels impotent directly. Why so? He has only shifted the difficulty to the hand they pretend is always the stronger. There is no stronger hand: the potent hand, right or left, is the customary hand, and custom is omnipotent. It is the same with the legs: in going up a ladder, no man cares whether he begins with the right or the left. In getting over a stile, no man cares whether he throws the right leg across it or the left. But combine these two simple actions—cross a horse: you put the left foot up into a stirrup and throw the right leg over an equine stile: it is customary, and easy. Now go on the horse's other side and reverse those simple actions. Straightway you are paralyzed with impotence, real or imaginary. You would rather climb the beast by the crupper. Yet practice both ways, and they are equally easy.

One more vein of evidence. Custom overpowers nature in the individual; but generally it can do more; it can pervert or improve the race. Nature is not unreasonably stiff in any thing. She will let you breed lean race-horses, with small heads, straight necks, and round bones; or fat bullocks, with short horns, long horns, or no horns. She has even let uneasy-minded men breed calves bigger and bigger in the buttock, till the calves killed the cow at their birth. She lets remorseless cotton lords at Manchester breed little abortions of women, four feet high, in their hot-houses, by the thousand; and, not to multiply examples, let the reader of these letters study the invaluable researches of Dr. Darwin into inherited habit. Yet, though so easy and yielding upon the whole, there is generally some point at which Nature calls a halt, to protect the species. Then she stands firm as a rock; still lets individuals pervert *themselves*, yet defies them to pervert their *race*.

Examples: Twelve centuries of Mohammedans have not succeeded in creating a single Mohammedan child, and never will. Three thousand years of idiotic Chinese mothers have not created a single female child without a rational foot, and never will. Eight hundred years of European and American women, with their floating ribs petrified and their vitals jammed, have not created a single female child with petrified ribs and jammed vitals. And six thousand years of lop-armed, lop-legged savages, some barbarous, some civilized, have not created a single lop-legged, lop-armed child, and never will. Every child is even and either handed till some grown fool interferes and mutilates it.

I have a friend who dissects on a large scale. He has dissected one left-handed man, and many right-handed, and, out of curiosity, examined, though not dissected, their children.

He reports to me, in the bad right-handed cases, the right shoulder enlarged, and part of the arm, the muscles of the breast perverted from their symmetry and beauty; and similar phenomena, but much less marked, and of course transposed, in the left-handed man.

The young children of both as straight and even as an arrow.

Here then are Custom and Nature at War. As regards individuals, Custom tramples on Nature. As regards the race, Nature tramples on Custom, and awaits the dawn of reason. And it is well for mankind Nature can show this benevolent obstinacy, or the lop-handed theory would long ago have deformed mankind; we should be creatures with the trunk and head standing at an angle of forty-five degrees from the body, the right arm as big as a leg, and the left a shrivelled sapling.

As to the individual, consider that the particular evidence I have given to prove both hands are by Nature equal, but slaves of Custom, accords with the general observation of wise men that custom is omnipotent. Now wherever, in a particular subject, you can appeal to a general position that bears universal application, that is very strong; it is like citing an impartial judge.

The seven wise men of Greece each staked his reputation on a short saying. One of these dicta was, μελέτη τοπάν—"Custom is *every thing*." One of our wisest proverbs runs thus: "Custom is second nature." That proverb fits this matter like a glove.

Then consider what very peculiar advantages mighty custom has over nature in this one thing. When the conflict begins between Nature and Custom, the representative of Nature, and Primeval Man, is a poor little helpless child as soft as potters' clay; the engine of Custom is a full-grown woman, six times the size of the child, ten times its age—loving, vigilant, very adroit, very fond of interfering, wrong-headed, and crammed that the child will be ruined for life, if it ever uses its left hand.

The woman's superior strength, and cunning, her unremitting vigilance, and unbending will, give the child no chance whatever. The poor little Primeval stretches out the nearest hand for a toy; the woman puts back the nearest hand; and until the child will defy nature, and stretch the right hand across the body, it does not get the coveted toy. Mother and Nurse pursue this game with a tyranny that is never off its guard, and they cast their victims in tradition's mould, not knowing what they are doing, nor why they are doing it, any more than the Northumbrian peasants, who light bonfires and go jumping through them one evening in the year, know that they are going through the fire to Baal—the foulest of all heathen superstitions, wickeder, but not older, sillier, nor more Pagan, than the suppression of the left hand.

Alas! this ductile period never can return to the youthful victim. The work of the Paynim nurse is easy, of the wise but tardy instructor is hard. Whilst he is the slave of the women, the child is like the liquid metal of the printers; they pour him into the Pagan mould, and he is stereotyped. Years afterward, when wisdom dawns, the metal is cold and hard, and has to be laboriously improved with chisel and file, not poured, like wax, into a time-honored mould.

In my next and last letter—a short one—I shall expose the superior power and dignity of the right hand—another fable opposed to science and to Christianity. The root of that imposing fruit grew in the very dunghill of the savage mind. This part of my subject is entirely new; the rest has been often fingered, though never grasped.

And as a certain intellectual character, who is best described as the ANATOMICAL ASS, has been stirred up by these letters, and has repeated his chimeras with that needless incivility which enlivens most asses when they try to reason, I will give him time to tell the public, if he can, in what part of the brain or bowels of an infant Anatomy can find the superior power and the superior dignity of the left hand. It is no use nibbling one corner of a great subject, and fancying one has digested the whole. The lop-handed mania can never be understood by young pedants whose minds run in a tunnel; a man must mount Observation Hill, and take a bird's-eye view of the whole thing.

"WHO CAN'T SURVEY CAN'T COMPREHEND."

OF FIDDLERS.

THE popularity of the fiddle, its presence at merry-makings, and the aid it furnished to the pleasure of the public, excited the indignation of the English Puritans. In due time the fiddler shared the fate of the player, and was silenced and proscribed. An ordinance passed in 1658 contained the following clause: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons commonly called fiddlers or minstrels shall, at any time after the said first day of July, be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, ale-house, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring or entreating any person or persons to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid, that every such person and persons so taken shall be judged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall be proceeded against and punished as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars within the said statute; any law, statute, or usage to the contrary hereof in any wise notwithstanding." Roundhead prejudices are confessed in the invectives of Hudibras against Crowdero and his profession, and reference is made to the ordinance against fiddling in the lines:

> "He and that engine of vile noise,
> On which illegally he plays,
> Shall dictum factum both be brought
> To condign punishment as they ought," etc.

But no ordinance or act of Parliament could abolish music or wholly suppress the fiddlers. They led proscribed lives, but still they lived. The theatres were closed against them; they might no longer occupy the music-room or the balcony above the stage, and provide harmonious accompaniments to the more important transactions of the drama. Nor could they now appear in the palaces or mansions of the great upon the occasion of balls, banquets, or other festivals. They had fallen upon sad, strait-laced, psalm-singing times. They could only play in a furtive, subdued way, in whispers, as it were. They hid their instruments under their ragged cloaks, and haunted the tavern doors, or peered in at the low windows of inns, not only because of the gratifying odors of mulled wine and cooked meats, or in envy of the warmth of the chimney-corners, but in quest of a merry gentleman or two who might care for a tune by way of adding relish to their supper. "Will you have any music, gentlemen?" humbly asked the poor fiddlers, sliding into the warm room and the hopeful presence of the merry gentlemen. They crept about in pairs, we are told, and were glad to accept the humblest dole in payment for their strains. But oftentimes these mendicant artists met with very insulting rebuffs from those who were disinclined to listen, or without music in themselves, "nor moved by concord of sweet sounds."

Sometimes the habit of leading this wandering existence developed a taste for it, or the musicians could not or would not rise again to the position from which they had fallen, and continued therefore to be vagrants long after the necessity for vagrancy had completely passed away. It is told of Thomas Eccles, a member of a family famed for their musical gifts during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (John Eccles set to music, among other works, Congreve's "Ode to St. Cecilia," and his mask, "The Judgment of Paris"), that he passed his whole life as a mendicant or street musician. One who knew him, and was, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, "a good judge of music," relates: "It was about the month of November, in the year 1735, that I with some friends were met to spend the even at a tavern in the City, when this man [Thomas Eccles], in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter. Immediately upon opening the door I heard the twang of one of his strings from under his coat, which was accompanied with the question: 'Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?' Our curiosity and the modesty of the man's deportment inclined us to say Yes; and music he gave us, such as I had never heard before, nor shall again under the same circumstances. With as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of Mr. Handel, 'Del minnaciar' in *Otho*, and 'Spero si mio caro bene' in *Admetus;* in short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us, his auditors, much at a loss to guess what it was that constrained him to seek his living in a way so disreputable. He made no secret of his name. He said he was the youngest of three brothers, and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the King of France." Inquiry concerning Thomas Eccles led to the discovery that he was idle, dissolute, and addicted to drinking. He lived in Butcher Row, near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time, who thought themselves disgraced by his proceedings. It seems that this state of musical mendicancy was commonly known as "going a-busking." One of the "Leges Conviviales" drawn up by Ben Jonson, and inscribed in gold letters in the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern, forbade the admission of such persons as fiddlers into the assembly.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR LEIDY has been engaged, in connection with Dr. HAYDEN'S expeditions during the past season, in exploring the region about Fort Bridger, the Uintah Mountains, and the Salt Lake Basin, with special reference to the occurrence there of rhizopods. These, which constitute the lowest and simplest forms of animal life, have been for several years the special object of Professor LEIDY'S attention, and his extensive manuscripts, with many colored drawings, will probably be published before long.

An improved anæsthetic process is announced by Professor NUSSBAUM, of Munich, the result being insensibility to pain without total abolition of consciousness. For this purpose a hypodermic injection of morphine is administered, and followed immediately by the inhalation of chloroform. About five minutes of inhalation is sufficient to begin with; but should it be deemed necessary, this must be renewed. It is claimed that this application, while involving a complete annihilation of pain, produces no subsequent bad effect.

With the new year the *Bulletin* of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, Massachusetts—a quarterly journal of ornithology, and now in its third volume—appears with an increased number of pages, and maintains its high reputation, ranking well as it does with the London *Ibis*, the German *Journal für Ornithologie*, and other corresponding journals abroad. The more important communications are from Dr. COUES, Mr. HENSHAW, Mr. ALLEN, etc.

According to Captain FEILDEN, the zoologist of the British arctic expedition, the most northern indications ever found of man were met with about six miles south of the 82d parallel. These consisted of a large wooden sledge, a stone lamp, and a snow-scraper made out of a walrus tusk. Other traces were occasionally met with south of this. How much farther north the Esquimaux have ever passed, it is, of course, impossible to say.

As might be expected, the localities of some of the animals collected on the expedition were farther north than ever obtained before, one crustacean in particular, the *Anonyx nugax*, having been dredged at a depth of seventy-two fathoms in latitude 83° 19'.

The total number of species of crustaceans collected was thirty-three.

The statement will perhaps be received with incredulity by some of our readers, that the entire mass of blood in the body of a frog having been withdrawn, and replaced by a solution of common salt, the animal will live for several days. Of this, however, we are assured, as the result of several recent experiments.

It is said that after the immersion of hard or vulcanized rubber in nitro-benzole for a period of several weeks, it assumes a flexible, leathery consistency—a fact that promises to be of some importance in the arts.

An experiment proposed a few years ago by the Russian government is about to be carried out in regard to the establishment of a colony on Nova Zembla, six Russian sailing vessels having proceeded during the past autumn to those islands with the necessary building materials for the construction of six houses. These are to be occupied by six Samoyed families, who will constitute the first colonial residents. A special object of the colony is to maintain a permanent commercial communication with the mouths of the Yenisei and Obi rivers, and at the same time to answer as a place of exile of political criminals.

The test experiments in connection with the making of the submarine tunnel between France and England have been prosecuted with great vigor. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 333 feet, and the experimental gallery has been commenced. This will be continued for three-fourths of a mile under the sea, and then, if no obstacle is met with, the work will be continued without further delay.

Professor MARSH has found a fossil fish of the genus Ceratodus in the Jurassic strata of Colorado, this being the first mesozoic species obtained in America. Much interest attaches to this genus of fossil fishes from the fact that it is still found living in Northern Australia and Queensland.

Dr. HAYDEN believes that his parties have fixed the position of the ancient outlet of the great lake that once filled the Salt Lake basin. This appears to have formerly drained into the Columbia River; and the lowest pass between the great basin and the drainage of the river is continued directly south at the head of Marsh Creek, and so low is it that one marsh connects two streams, one flowing to the Bear River and the Great Lake, and the other to the Portneuf and Snake rivers of the Columbia. This generalization was actually made several years ago, but only fully established during the past season.

Collectors of fossils will be pleased to learn that, according to Mr. WILLIAM M. LOCKE, of Honeoye Falls, New York, a few drops of kerosene oil applied to an imbedded specimen will generally, or at least frequently, loosen it so that when the matrix is broken the fossil will come out entire.

The twelfth report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut, for the year 1877, gives an account of the distribution of fish in the State during the year. Their labors were confined principally to the distribution of land-locked salmon, nothing having been done with the California and Atlantic species. Attention is called to the fact of the great amount of illegal and improper fishing in the Connecticut River and the waters on the adjacent coast, which almost if not entirely nullify the efforts made by the Commissioners for the artificial propagation of salmon and shad. They point out that unless the Legislature enacts stringent protective laws, and furnishes the means of their enforcement, that river must very soon lapse into its original state of depletion.

It is said that the deepest Artesian well in the world is that now being bored at Pesth, and which has already reached a depth of 3170 feet. The object is to secure an unlimited supply of warm water for the municipal establishments and public baths, and a temperature of 161° F. has already been attained. It is proposed to continue the boring until the water reaches 178° F. About 175,000 gallons of warm water stream out daily, rising to a height of thirty-five feet. This will not only supply all the wants of the city, but convert the surrounding region into a tropical garden.

Many ingenious mechanical devices have been applied in connection with this boring, for the purpose of pulling out broken tubes, etc., as well as for utilizing the water received from the well as a motive power in driving the tools at a very rapid rate of speed.

The publication of an important and useful aid to the scientific investigator and librarian is contemplated by the library of Harvard College, should sufficient encouragement be received. This consists of a catalogue of all the transactions of societies and special journals relating to every branch of physical and natural science in all parts of the world, arranged under the names of towns in which they are published, the names of the towns themselves following in alphabetical order under their respective countries, and cross references given when desirable.

The book will be printed in octavo, and occupy about 300 pages, and be furnished at a subscription of four dollars a copy. The work will be undertaken as soon as 250 copies are subscribed for.

The only work of this character at present in existence is that published many years ago by the Smithsonian Institution, and now out of print and much behind the times.

The *American Naturalist*, which has been published at Salem and Boston for eleven years, and which has rendered so much service to natural science in the United States, changes its address with the year 1878, and while maintaining its original form and plan, will be published in Philadelphia, Professor COPE having obtained an interest in it, and his name appearing as co-editor with Dr. PACKARD. In addition to the usual series of original articles, the January number contains notices of natural history publications, records of proceedings of scientific societies, etc.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE man who comes to the dépôt two minutes behind time, and sees the railroad train scudding out at the other end, derives no satisfaction from the proverb, "Better late than never."

A facetious old gentleman, who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, styled them Nimrod and Ramrod.

A young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My *profession* is much better than my *practice*."

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex: "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

An Iowa man thinks there must be something wrong in modern fashion when his wife wears six-button kids, while he fastens his suspenders with a tenpenny nail and ties his boots with a skewer.

A painter had the following announcement displayed on the front of his house: "The Acme of Stencil." A "learned Theban" in the same line in an adjoining street, in order to outdo the "old original" stenciller, thus set forth his pretensions: "Stencilling in all its branches performed in the very height of acme."

A critic, in speaking of a young actor who holds the leading part in a new comedy, says that the author "has frozen him into a pink deliciousness like a raspberry ice, and that no woman under twenty can look at him without an irresistible desire to stick a spoon into him."

Personalities are sometimes severe. A gentleman said to a surgeon, "My daughter is very ill; she sometimes falls in a swoon, and continues for hours without understanding." The surgeon replied: "Well, she is not as ill as I feared, for I have actually known cases in which people were so afflicted that they remained all their lives without understanding."

"A vacuum would be the best place for a fellow to fall into, wouldn't it, Bill? for then, you know, he wouldn't fall against any thing." "Yes he would, though," stoutly answered Bill; "he would fall against his inclination."

You can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table.

DAVIE. "I think, Sandy, we might just hae anither gill."

SANDY. "Oh yes, I think we should; but you paid the last, and I hae nae money."

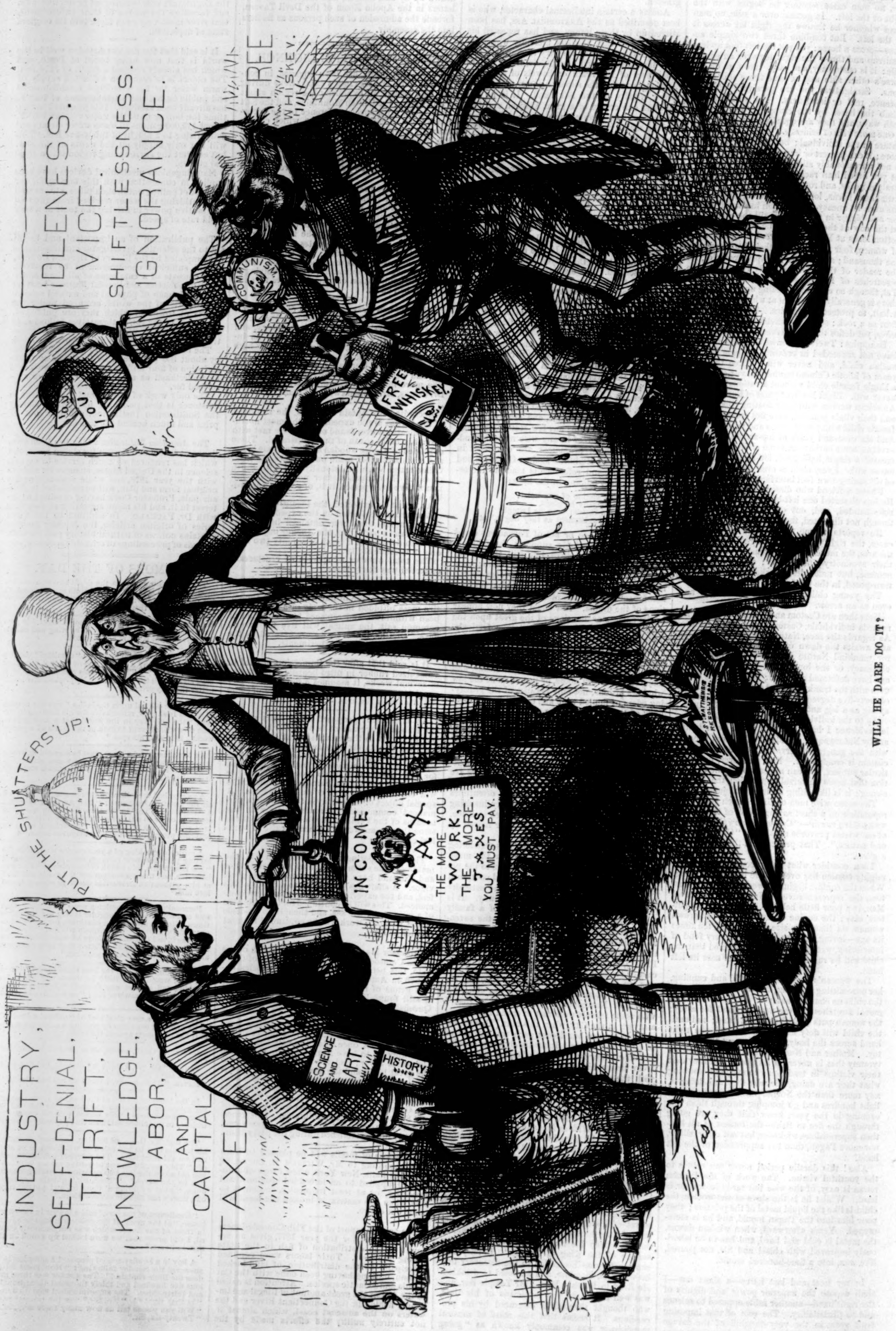
DAVIE. "Then, Sandy, I think we hae had plenty."

In the lobby of an inn at the head of Loch Suinart the following inscription was painted on the wall in conspicuous letters: "No person will get credit for whiskey in this house but those that pay money down."

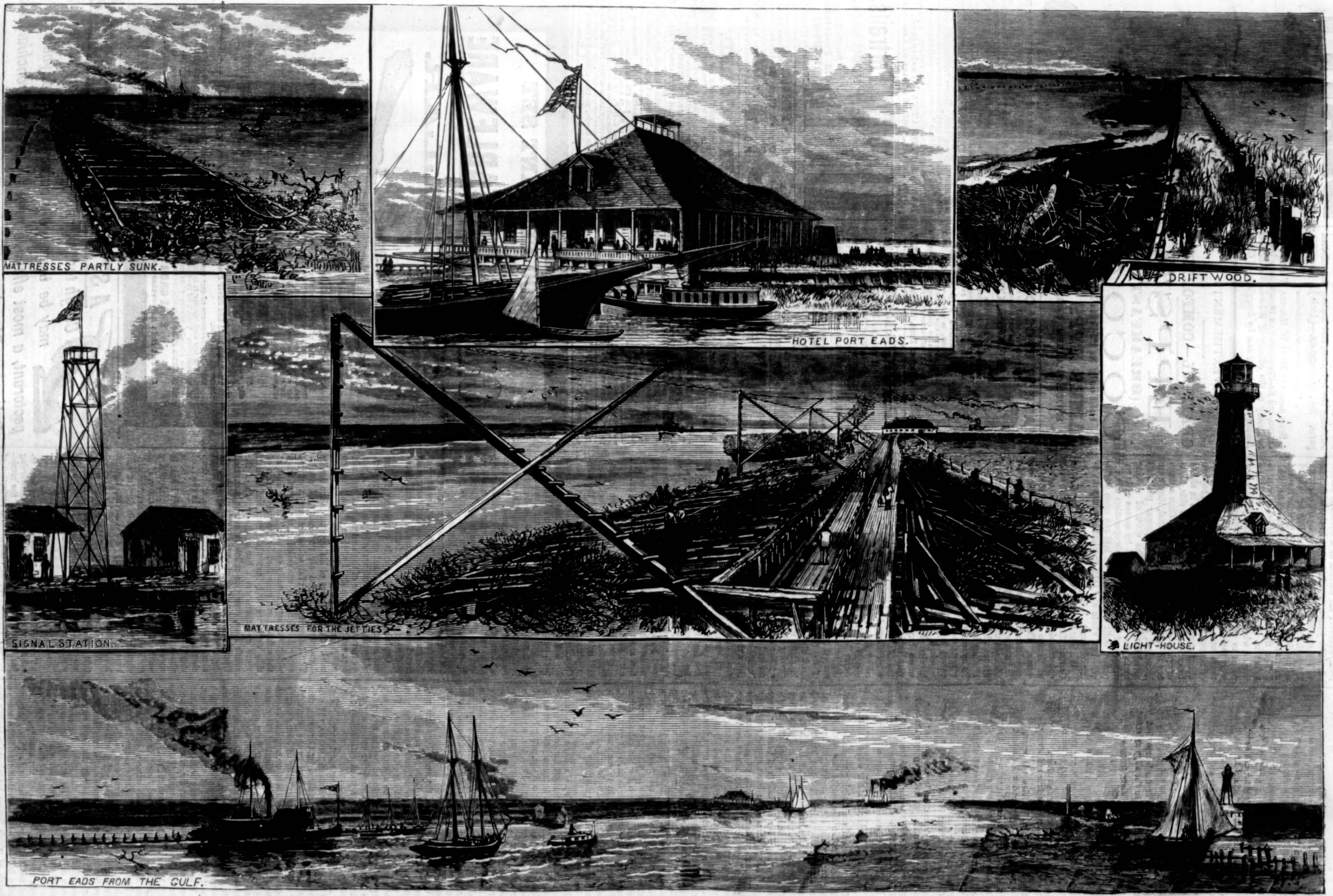
The Rev. Mr. G——, of Stirling, remarked to one of his hearers that he had heard he was about to be married for the third time. The reverend gentleman added: "They say, John, you're getting money with her; you did so on the last two occasions: you'll get quite rich by the wives." "'Deed, Sir," quietly responded John, "what wi' bringin' them in, and puttin' them out, there's nae muckle made o' them."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a lawyer in the court-house, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in front of the house which was burglariously entered, I will prove that we were locked up drunk in the station-house."

A boy in a Sunday-school proposed a question to be answered the Sunday following: "How many letters does the Bible contain?" The answer was three millions five hundred and thirty thousand three hundred and thirty-three. The superintendent says to James, "Is that right?" "No, Sir," was the prompt reply. "Will you please tell us how many there are, then?" "Twenty-six, Sir."


INDUSTRY, SELF-DENIAL, THRIFT, KNOWLEDGE, LABOR, AND CAPITAL TAXED
IDLENESS. VICE. SHIFTLESSNESS. IGNORANCE. FREE WHISKEY.
PUT THE SHUTTERS UP!
I.O.U.
I.O.U.
COMMUNISM
FREE WHISKEY
RUM
INCOME TAX
THE MORE YOU WORK, THE MORE TAXES YOU MUST PAY.
SCIENCE AND ART
HISTORY
ST. MATTHEWS' RESOLUTION.
Th. Nast

WILL HE DARE DO IT?


MATTRESSES PARTLY SUNK.
HOTEL PORT EADS.
DRIFTWOOD.
SIGNAL STATION.
MATTRESSES FOR THE JETTIES.
LIGHT-HOUSE.
PORT EADS FROM THE GULF.

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her.
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

The problem of maintaining a reliable channel at the delta of the Mississippi that shall be navigable for vessels of great draught has at last been successfully solved by the ingenuity and perseverance of Captain James B. Eads. The character of the soil at the mouth of this river has in the past made it almost impossible to preserve a passage for any length of time for large ships. Large sums have been appropriated by the government for dredging purposes, and one or more boats provided with heavy drags have been constantly employed, but the sand which forms the bed of the stream defied all attempts to effect its permanent removal from the neighborhood of the channel. To Captain Eads belongs the glory of having at last surmounted the difficulty, and provided a means by which the Mississippi shall always maintain its place as a commercial river. Like all great public benefactors, he has had to contend with great opposition, and if it had not been for his indefatigable perseverance and supreme faith in his own plans, the enterprise now brought to successful accomplishment might never have been undertaken, so convinced were the large majority of persons of its impracticability.

It was in 1874 that Captain Eads first made propositions to the government for confining the waters of the Mississippi between jetties or artificial banks, projected beyond the natural arm of what is known as the South Pass, and across the bar at its mouth. Simultaneously with the proposal began the outcry of the opposition. Experts in engineering pointed to unsuccessful works of the same character at the mouth of the Rhone and other European rivers, and asserted that the projected jetties would require continual additions, as new bars would begin to form at once beyond them.

Undismayed by any of the arguments thus speciously set forth, Captain Eads put an end to the controversy by offering to undertake the first part of the work in question at his own expense. The government should not be asked to furnish any appropriations until convinced by the reports of its own agents that the enterprise under way was likely to be brought to a most satisfactory conclusion.

An offer of this kind being most unprecedented in the history of government works, the requisite act was speedily passed by Congress, that estimable body being protected by the generosity of one man from all possibility of losing money should the undertaking fail to accomplish its purpose. Arrangements for investigating the precise condition of the bed of the river were speedily made. A report, dated January, 1875, of official surveys at the mouth of the South Pass, which had been selected as the point where Captain Eads's experiment should be made, showed a mean depth of seven feet of water upon the bar.

When the Jetty Company began operations, the first work undertaken was the diversion of a portion of the waters that made their exit into the Gulf by way of the Southwest Pass. About three-fourths of the entire flood found its way through that channel. The small eastern outlet, known as Pass à l'Outre, still further reduced the supply. A long line of piling was projected partially across the Southwest Pass at the point where the waters flowing through it separated themselves from the main stream. In this way the flood running through the South Pass was given stronger impetus or cutting force. By way of necessary accommodations for officers and employés, engineering buildings, boarding-houses, wharves, etc., were erected upon piles at the extreme end of the natural banks of the South Pass. Among these buildings was an attractive little hotel, a sketch of which figures prominently among the group of drawings on the preceding page. The settlement was named Port Eads. In extending the banks into deep water advantage was taken of the well-known fact that deposits of sediment form wherever the current of a stream is arrested. The jetties, therefore, were in the beginning willow strainers, held in place by layers of stone. Through these the water passed, leaving behind a deposit of earthy matter, which in time formed natural banks for the protection of the channel.

The first step in building the jetties was to bring to Port Eads large quantities of willow wands, which grow in profusion at a point a few miles to the north, called the "Jump." These were rapidly woven into "mattresses," the largest, those intended for the lowest tier, having an area of twenty-five feet by seventy-five feet. They are about twelve inches thick, and are held in shape by cross-pieces of pine placed on each side, hickory pins being used at the joints. When a number of mattresses had been completed, they were launched, and towed to their proper positions alongside of the piling. The work of sinking them was then accomplished by means of large masses of broken stone. This operation was repeated until six layers were laid one upon another. The whole was then finished by a top dressing of stone.

Without a complete covering of earth and stone Captain Eads's work would have been of the most ephemeral character, for the waters of the Gulf of Mexico are infested with the teredo, or ship-worm. This miserable insect lives by boring into and destroying all wooden objects that come within its reach. The perforations of the teredo are made in the direction of the grain of the timber, except when a knot is met with or the shell of a brother insect. In both cases the worm bends its course, gracefully accommodating itself to circumstances. The aperture by which the teredo enters is small, and it grows within the cavity which it bores. Two small valves form a true bivalve shell, while a calcareous tube incloses the worm-shaped body of the insect. Its growth is very rapid, and the ravages it works are often terrible. Ships, piles, and all submarine wood-work allowed to remain unprotected are destroyed by it. A piece of deal has been found completely riddled by ship-worms after being under water less than two months. While building the jetties, Captain Brown, one of the inspectors, caused to be broken by the pull of a tug-boat one of the piles of the east jetty head (a round pine stick about one foot in diameter, which had been in place more than two years), the fracture occurring about eight feet below low-water line, and not far from the bottom. At this point the teredo had penetrated so as to leave but five or six inches of sound central core, external to which the worms, some of large size, had eaten away much of the substance. This fact confirms what had been inferred by Captain Brown, that seaward of Station 100, on the east jetty, all timber five feet below low water, not buried in the bottom or surrounded by deposited sediment, will ultimately be consumed by worms. But this fact does not imply that the foundation mattresses, well buried in the sand, will not remain sound; neither that those which in the body of the jetties are well packed around with sediment will not equally remain so.

Several surveys have been made of the jetties; but the earliest, conducted while the works were still comparatively incomplete, satisfied the commissioners appointed by the government that Captain Eads was fully entitled to re-imbursement for his tremendous outlay. From the latest report, made by Messrs. Barnard and Wright, of the United States Engineers, dated January 5, 1878, we learn that the enterprise, so doubtfully looked upon by many in the beginning, must now be considered a most brilliant success. The navigation of the Mississippi is no longer impeded at its mouth. There is now a channel nowhere less than 200 feet wide and twenty-two feet deep, from the South Pass between the jetties to the deep water of the Gulf of Mexico. The width between the twenty-two-foot curves varies from 200 feet to more than 500 feet. At the head of the pass a channel 264 feet wide and twenty-two feet deep exists, and a practicable channel twenty-three feet deep was also found.

Captain Eads's triumph is complete. He has successfullly accomplished an enterprise regarded by his scientific brethren as impossible. Again we have an instance of the acuteness of one man opposed to the combined wisdom of the school to which he belongs. The complete success of his work and the errors of his opponents are finally demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt. The following graceful acknowledgment of his superior wisdom is embodied in the report from which we have already quoted: "If we look at the actual facts presented by the prosecution of this work, we find that while two and a half years ago there was a bar at the mouth of the South Pass, over two miles in extent, measured from twenty-two feet of water inside to the same depth outside, over about half a mile of which there was eight feet of water, a wide and deep channel exists; and a result inferior in physical magnitude, but of no less importance, has been attained at the head of the pass. This result is so exclusively due to the jetties and auxiliary works that the auxiliary aid of appliances, if in such we include dredging-machines, is utterly insignificant. About 2,500,000 cubic feet of material were excavated by the current, against 208,000 by dredging."

As in the case of many of the greatest scientific achievements, that which was pronounced impossible has been accomplished through the wisdom and energy of a single individual.

The Celebrated Beatty Pianos and Organs have attained a world-wide reputation, from the unswerving fidelity of Mr. Beatty to the interests of the music-loving populace. Honesty, fair dealing, perfection of manufacture, and low prices have placed him in a most enviable position.—[*Com.*]

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine; and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

Such names as Dr. O. W. Holmes, Washington Irving, and Ex-President Van Buren, have borne testimony to the efficacy of *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy*, which is for sale by druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.
Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

WARNER BROS' CORSETS
Are justly celebrated for their superior style and workmanship. Their
HEALTH CORSET,
With Skirt Supporters and self-adjusting pads, has a world-wide reputation. Price $1.50. Their **Nursing Corset** is the delight of every mother. Price, $1.75. Their new
Flexible Hip Corset,
(120 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $1.25.
For sale by leading merchants. Samples sent by mail on receipt of price.
Warner Bros, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.
Ninety-two Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to
Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

C. WEIS, Successor to POLLAK & CO., Manufacturer of MEERSCHAUM GOODS, wholesale and retail. 27 John Street.
Send for Circular, to P. O. Box 5009.

MINTONS' ART AND ENAMELED TILES
China Works, Stoke-Upon-Trent.
Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

BEATTY

I will sell, boxed and delivered on cars (in order to have it introduced at once), this magnificent Parlor Organ, brand new, retail price by other manufacturers **$340** for only **$95** cash with order, to be forwarded with Exchange on New York. This Organ is 5 octaves, 3 sets of reeds, 13 stops, solid walnut case, highly finished and weighs (boxed) about 350 pounds. Annual sales nearly **$2,000,000.** Beatty's popular plan, viz.: a **$650** Piano for **$175,** a **$340** Cabinet Parlor Organ for only **$95,** &c. Warranted for 6 years and sent on 15 days' test trial. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways if found anyway unsatisfactory. Send for "Advertiser" containing testimonials from purchasers who are using them everywhere. Address
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington,
New Jersey, United States of America.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.**
Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

FITS CURED.
Dr. Brown's great prescription for Epilepsy having now been tested in over 10,000 cases without a failure, he has made up his mind to make the ingredients known to all sufferers free of charge. Address
Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,
21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake, Damask, &c., no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Imitation Gold Watches
$8, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

25 **Fashionable Cards,** no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

A $6.00 ELEGANT SET
OF
COIN SILVER TABLEWARE
FOR ONLY
ONE DOLLAR.

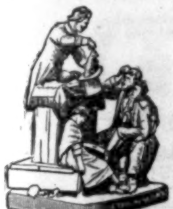
Consisting of one Set of **Six Extra Coin** Silver Plated Teaspoons, of latest style pattern, that retails at $4.50 per set, and one elegant Butter-Knife that retails at $1.50, making **$6.00 worth** of useful and valuable Silver Tableware for only $1.00, **warranted equal to any Plated Coin Silver Tableware sold at $6.00.** Upon each Spoon and Butter-Knife we will engrave, if desired, your initial **free,** and will send all Silverware ordered to you by post or express

FREE OF EXPENSE.

The Silverware manufactured by the old and reliable Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co., of this city, never fails to give satisfaction.—*Christian Review, Cincinnati, O.*
For a good article of Coin Silver Tableware, the Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co., of this city, can be relied upon.—*Cincinnati Post.*
The Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co. are a firm well known for probity and honor.—*Blanchester Press, Ohio.*

☞ All Silverware of our manufacture is warranted first class and of latest style pattern. For use and beauty it is nearly as valuable as solid Silver, and much preferred by many families. Think of it—$6.00 worth of our best plated Silverware for only $1.00!
Write plainly, giving your post-office, county, and State, and send $1.00 for this $6.00 set of Extra Plated Coin Silverware. *Address all orders to*
EAGLE GOLD & SILVER PLATING CO., 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.
☞ Cut this Advertisement out, as it appears but once.

A STUBBORN AND HARASSING
Cough that will not yield to ordinary remedies, may be thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a most effective remedy for all Bronchial and Pulmonary Disorders.

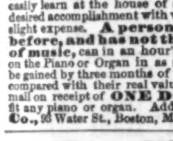


Rogers' Statuary.
$10 and upward.
"The Travelling Magician."
Price $15.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, New York,
Corner 27th Street.

GAS WORKS.
FOR SALE LOW, a COAL GAS WORKS, of 2 benches and 2 retorts, capable of furnishing from 7000 to 8000 cubic feet of gas per day. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE WONDERFUL
MASON'S CHART
PIANO
OR
ORGAN
PLAYING
LEARNT IN A DAY.

A few months since, this invention was advertised very extensively in all the leading papers of the United States, and since then, it is safe to say, there has NEVER been such an overwhelming demand for an advertised article. Orders have poured in from every quarter of the globe where an American paper could reach; and editorial notices, flattering in the extreme, have appeared not only in American papers, but in the leading papers abroad; and we have received gratuitous testimonials from the **Highest Musical Authority in the World,** of the great merit and usefulness of Mason's Charts. The call for agencies has been unparalleled; from the largest publisher in England to the small postmaster on our Western frontier, we are daily receiving the most substantial proofs (in the shape of large cash orders) of the merit and salability of this article. These Charts are **Something Entirely New,** both in design and principle; they **illustrate music,** making it instantly as comprehensible as printed text. **They fit tightly over the keys, forming a part of the piano or organ.** A child ten years old can understand them, so perfect are they in illustration and simple in application. Music is read with their help as easily as a story from a book. They will save the many dollars expended in tuition fees, and give **more satisfactory results in the end.** It is so easy to learn by these charts that people, young or old, who have no piano or organ in the house, should buy one while they can, as they can easily learn at the house of a friend, and gain this much-desired accomplishment with very little trouble, and at a very slight expense. **A person who has never played before, and has not the slightest knowledge of music,** can in an hour's time play an accompaniment on the Piano or Organ in as satisfactory a manner as would be gained by three months of study. The cost is **nothing** compared with their real value. They are sent post-paid by mail on receipt of **ONE DOLLAR.** Remember they fit any piano or organ. Address **The Turner Mfg. Co.,** 93 Water St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A., Sole Agents.



TRADE MARK.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are daily recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., by the Faculty. Testimonials from the most eminent may be seen. Price 50 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.
N. B.—They contain no opium, or preparation thereof.
E. FOUGERA & CO.,
New York, Special Agents.

SENT FREE on application—BRIGGS & BRO.'S Flower and Vegetable Catalogue. Our large crops enable us to SELL SEEDS LOW.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., or CHICAGO, ILLS.

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
Illus. Catalogues & Lectures. 3 Books, 25c.
CIRCULARS FREE. OUTFITS WANTED.
MAGIC MUSICAL CABINET. Everyone a Musician. } *THEO. J. HARBACH,*
809 Filbert St., Philad'a, Pa.
MUSICAL NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.

CAXTON PRESS,
Self-Inking, only $14.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

FLOWER SEEDS.—800 best varieties at wholesale prices. 5c. pkts. for 2½c. 10c. pkts. for 5c., &c. Send for Catalogue. D. C. McGRAW,
Riverside Gardens, Binghamton, N. Y.

Before
After

This preparation is imitated.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR has done it, and will do it on the smoothest face. More than 20,000 young men already wear HEAVY MOUSTACHE AND BEARD, having used from 1 to 3 Pack'gs. No injury. Easily applied. Certain in effect. Package with directions post-paid 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts. SMITH & CO., Sole Agents, Palatine, Ill. The public will use due caution and Address as above.

40 EXTRA FINE Mixed Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

TUBULAR BOW SOCKETS FOR TOP BUGGIES

BIG 84-page Picture Book, free. My plan beats all to make money. Is easy, honest, and pays you $10 a day. DAVID C. COOK, Chicago, Illinois.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10c.; or, 20 Chromo Cards, 20c., with name. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS CIGARS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

REVOLVER FREE.—Seven-shot Revolver, with box cartridges. Address J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

1000 GOLD WATCHES to be given away. Particulars for stamp. Address Hill & Co., Ashland, Mass.

CARDS 30 Gold and Silver Border, new, and the handsomest card you ever saw, with name and elegant Leatherette Case 20cts. 4 packs 1.00. Samples and catalogue 3c. Agents wanted. J. A. MORRILL, Fulton, N. Y.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

A Complete Course in Physical and Political Geography in Two Books.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Harper's Introductory Geography - -	**$0 70**	**$0 45**	**$0 37**
" School "	**1 46**	**94**	**75**

Distinctive Features of Harper's Geographies.

I. The *language* is uniformly clear and concise.

II. The *definitions* and *statements* are accurate and terse.

III. The *maps* and *illustrations* represent the various countries as they are to-day.

IV. The *plan* of these books is philosophical, and is worked out in such a manner as to admirably fit them for use in the class-room.

V. The *questions* for *map study* and the *review lessons* are systematic and practical.

VI. In their *mechanical execution*, including quality of paper, clearness of type, strength of binding, number and beauty of maps and illustrations, these books are unrivalled.

VII. They are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of *reform in geographical teaching.*

VIII. They are the *cheapest* Geographies yet published, being furnished at a lower price than any other geographies of the same number of pages.

IX. In order to facilitate the study of *local geography*, the United States is divided into groups. A separate edition of the School Geography is prepared for each group, containing, in addition to the general work, the special geography of that group. This special geography includes a full-page county map of each State in the group, together with a description of the surface drainage, climate, soil, minerals, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, railroads, canals, political organization, chief cities, educational facilities, and history of the State, and is furnished *without additional cost.*

☞ Harper's Geographies are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of reform in geographical teaching. They have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press and of many prominent educators, including the following:

E. C. HEWETT, *President of Illinois State University.*
ALEXANDER WINCHELL, *late Chancellor of Syracuse University.*
J. M. GREGORY, *Regent of Illinois Industrial University, Champaign, Ill.*
NEWTON BATEMAN, *President of Knox College, late State Superintendent of Illinois.*
PETER S. MICHIE, *Professor in West Point Military Academy.*
J. E. BORDEN, *Professor in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.*
KENDALL BROOKS, *President Kalamazoo College, Mich.*
D. ARNOLD, *Professor in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.*
ALONZO ABERNETHY, *President of University of Chicago.*
ALLEN B. LEMMON, *Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Kansas.*
JOHN FRASER, *late Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Kansas.*
THOMAS HUNTER, *President of the Normal College, New York City.*
JOHN G. McMYNN, *Principal of Racine Academy, late State Superintendent of Wisconsin.*
WILLIAM F. PHELPS, *President of State Normal School, Whitewater, Wis.*
ALBERT SALISBURY, *Professor in State Normal School, Whitewater, Wis.*
L. D. HARVEY, *Superintendent of Public Schools, Sheboygan, Wis.*
JOHN M. REID, *Principal of Northeastern Normal School, Pardee, Kansas.*
A. EARTHMAN, *Professor in State Normal School, River Falls, Wis.*
ROBERT GRAHAM, *Oshkosh State Normal School, Wis.*
G. S. ALBEE, *President Oshkosh State Normal School, Wis.*
EDWARD SEARING, *State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Wis.*
WILLARD H. CHANDLER, *Normal School Regent, Wis.*
LEWIS H. JONES, *Principal Indianapolis Normal School.*
A. P. KELSEY, *Principal State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.*
J. C. JONES, *Superintendent of Schools, East Saginaw, Mich.*
T. W. CRISSEY, *Superintendent of Schools, Flint, Mich.*
S. B. WOOLWORTH, *Secretary of State Board of Regents, N. Y.*
H. B. BUCKHAM, *Principal of State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.*
W. S. PERRY, *Superintendent of Schools, Ann Arbor, Mich.*
C. R. POMEROY, *President State Normal School, Kansas.*
HENRY E. SAWYER, *Superintendent of Schools, Middletown, Conn.*
SAMUEL SHAW, *Superintendent of Schools, Madison, Wis.*
J. H. GROSS, *Superintendent of Schools for State of Delaware.*
A. LODEMAN, *Professor in State Normal School, Mich.*
C. A. GOWER, *Superintendent of Schools, Saginaw City, Mich.*
W. H. PAYNE, *Superintendent of Schools, Adrian, Mich.*
E. A. STRONG, *Principal of High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.*
WILLIAM HART, *Superintendent of Schools, Bath, Me.*
JAMES MacALISTER, *Superintendent of Schools, Milwaukee, Wis.*
C. C. ROUNDS, *Principal of State Normal School, Farmington, Me.*
J. BALDWIN, *President of State Normal School, Kirksville, Mo.*
E. H. RUSSELL, *Principal of State Normal School, Worcester, Mass.*
T. J. CHARLTON, *Superintendent of Schools, Vincennes, Ind.*
JOHN WILSON, *President of Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Del.*
E. S. HOPKINS, *Superintendent of City Schools, Jeffersonville, Ind.*
HORATIO ALGER, *Chairman of the School Committee, Natick, Mass.*
J. TINGLEY, *Vice-President of Asbury University, Ind.*
JOHN P. GROSS, *Superintendent of Public Schools, Plainfield, N. J.*

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

Electro Gold Watches,
STEM WINDERS,
ANCHOR MOVEMENTS,
Accurate, durable, and guaranteed to stand test 10 YEARS, only $15. Ladies' and Gents' Key Winders, $12.
Watches sent C.O.D., privilege of examination *before payment.*
F. C. MILLER & CO., 117 Fulton St.,
Send for Circular. New York City.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. Coulter & Co., Chicago.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED SALESMEN for a wholesale house. Liberal salary; traveling expenses paid. Address R. & Co., box 1364, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NOVELTY
BABY CARRIAGE.
Send for Circular to
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
(NEXT BLOCK ABOVE STEWART'S.)
Beware of Imitations.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

MAGIC BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET. (Pat. 1877) Buds & Blooms at will. Sold by dealers in F'cy G'ds, Toys &c. Sample 25 cts. M'f'd by N. & A. POTTS, 236 N Front Str. PHILA. Pa.

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address American and European Secret Service Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Four Volumes, 8vo. Vol. I.: Early England, 449–1071.—England Under Foreign Kings, 1071–1214.—The Charter, 1209–1291.—The Parliament, 1307–1461. With Eight Maps. Vol. I. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By James Bryce. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

III.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Professor, U. S. Naval Observatory. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and Five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

IV.

DANIEL THE BELOVED. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Author of "Peter the Apostle," "David, King of Israel," "Elijah the Prophet," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

V.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT MOLTKE'S LETTERS FROM RUSSIA. Translated from the German by Grace Bigelow. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VI.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME: the Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By Victor Hugo, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-Three," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

VII.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS, AND TEMPLES. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola, Mem. of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin; Hon. Mem. of the Royal Society of Literature, London, &c. With Portrait, Maps, and 400 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 50.

VIII.

THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Illustrated by the Author. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental Cover, $1 75.

IX.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

Uniform with Rolfe's English Classics: The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. Square 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 70 cents per volume.

X.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT; or, The Old House of Bondage Under New Masters. By Edwin De Leon, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XI.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS. With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By William C. Prime, LL.D. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 00. (In a box.)

XII.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS: [32mo, Paper.]

John Milton—Lord Byron.	25 cents.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh.	25 cents.
The Earl of Chatham.	25 cents.
William Pitt.	25 cents.
Samuel Johnson, LL.D.	25 cents.
Frederic the Great.	25 cents.
Lord Clive.	25 cents.
Warren Hastings.	25 cents.
The Life and Writings of Addison.	25 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Two Tales of Married Life. Hard to Bear. By Georgiana M. Craik. A True Man. By M. C. Stirling. 30 cents.

An Open Verdict. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 35 cents.

Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray. 20 cents.

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. By Walter Besant and James Rice. 25 cents.

My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins. 25 cents.

Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson. 20 cents.

A Jewel of a Girl. 35 cents.

Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. 40 cents.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By William Black. 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Young Wife's Story. By Harriette Bowra. 25 cts.

A Modern Minister. With Illustrations. Vol. I. 35 cents.

What He Cost Her. By James Payn. 40 cents.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. Blackmore. 50 cents.

The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

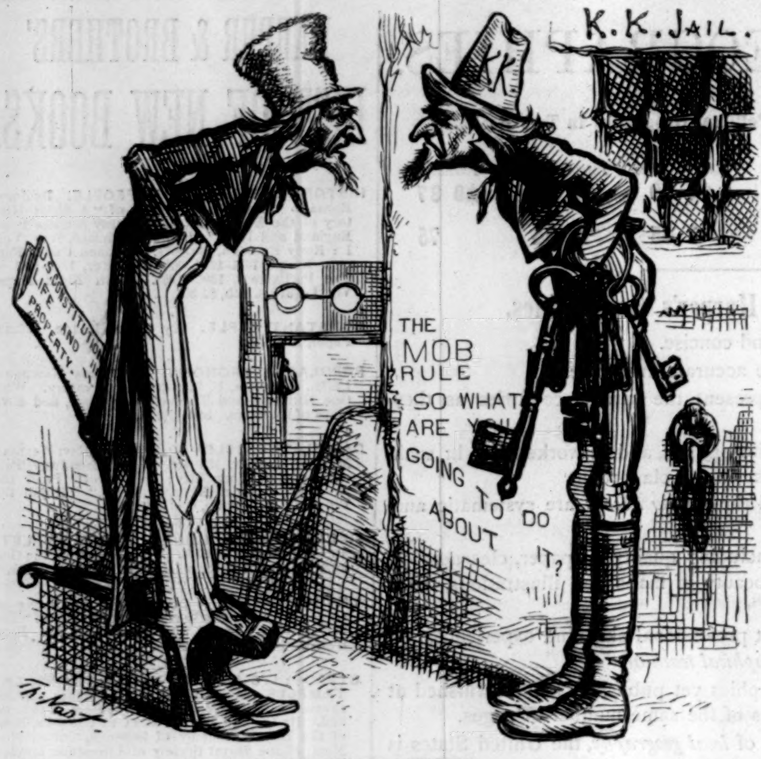
Carità. By Mrs. Oliphant. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Marjorie Bruce's Lovers. By Mary Patrick. 25 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

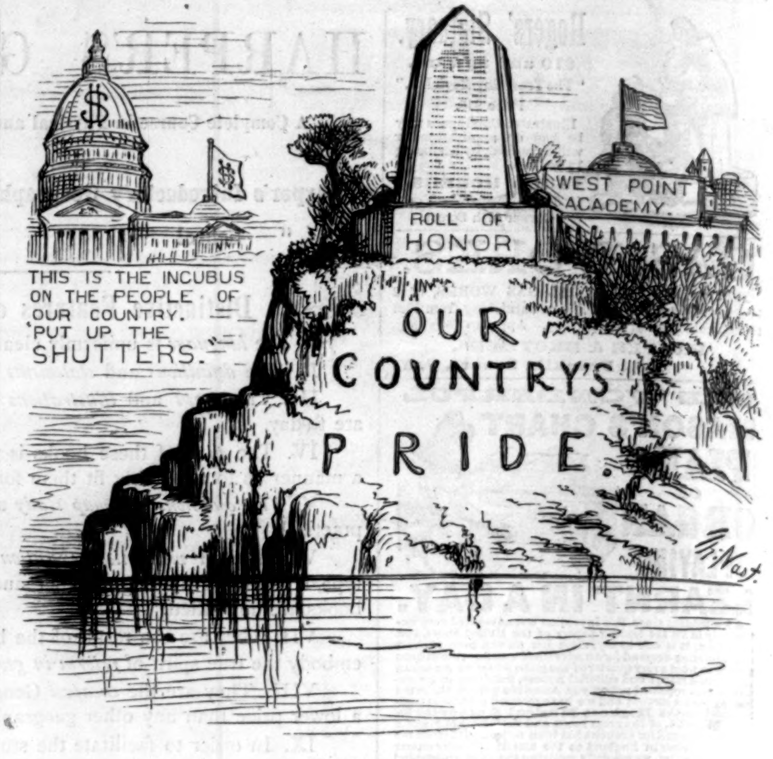
☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.


K.K. JAIL.
KK
U.S. CONSTITUTION LIFE AND PROPERTY.
THE MOB RULE SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
Th. Nast

"PACIFICATION."

PACIFIC MALE TO UNCLE SAM. "Yes, kind Uncle, it works like a charm; all the white Republicans in the South who were not killed during the election campaign we are putting in jail as fast as possible, and after we have the Republicans in the North locked up too, we sha'n't have any more trouble."


$
THIS IS THE INCUBUS ON THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY. 'PUT UP THE SHUTTERS.'
ROLL OF HONOR
WEST POINT ACADEMY.
OUR COUNTRY'S PRIDE.
Th. Nast

NOT FOR SALE.

MR. HEWITT, OF NEW YORK. "West Point has vindicated itself in the history of this country, and the people will never allow it to go under the hammer or be closed up."

"MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED."

Any man can do his own printing and advertising with an Excelsior Portable Press. Prices $3 and upwards. We **warrant** anybody can learn type-setting, &c., by our printed directions. Send 6c. for illust. catalogue. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

A Timely Book.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

JAMES BRYCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE."

32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

The critical situation of affairs in Constantinople, which engages the attention of all the world to-day, enhances the interest and importance of trustworthy information concerning that city. In this little work Mr. Bryce gives the results of his own recent observations, and presents a most faithful and graphic picture of the Turkish capital, with all the startling contrasts of magnificence and squalor, of enterprise and sloth.

☞ *Sent by mail on receipt of the price.*

BEATTY

Beatty's popular plan, viz.: **A $650** Piano for **$175; $340** Cabinet Parlor Organ for only **$95,** &c. **WARRANTED FOR SIX YEARS** and sent on **15 DAYS' TEST** trial. Address DAN'L F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

The Khedive's Egypt;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE OF BONDAGE
UNDER NEW MASTERS.

By EDWIN DE LEON.

ILLUSTRATED. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The work of Mr. De Leon is readable, entertaining, and easy to remember.—*Saturday Review*, London.

It is as instructive as it is amusing. It really depicts the Khedive's Egypt, and shows Egypt as it is. —*Examiner*, London.

Mr. De Leon's book deserves, and doubtless will take, a high place in public estimation as a comprehensive, well-digested, and, on the whole, impartial exposition of the condition of Egypt under its present ruler.—*Scotsman*, Edinburgh.

Mr. De Leon's book is exceedingly interesting.—*Vanity Fair*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $1 50.

PIANOS. The $900 Piano offered by a country dealer in Jersey for $260 is made in this City, and same kind will be sold by WATERS & SONS, 40 East 14th St., N.Y., for $230 cash. Also WATERS' celebrated PIANOS & ORGANS at reduced prices for cash. Send for catalogues.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT.
ASBESTOS
MATERIALS.

Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings, *Fire, Acid, and Water-proof Coatings, Cements,* &c. Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.
87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 55 volumes of the MAGAZINE, 21 volumes of the WEEKLY, and 10 volumes of the BAZAR now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line; Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES. For Sale by all Druggists.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S
Organs and Melodeons.

The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufactory in the United States. Between

57,000 and 58,000
Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity. Send for Price-Lists.

Two new styles just out.

Address BUFFALO, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

LESTER SAW.

The New Lester Saw is made of Iron, with all the working parts of Steel, and contains all known improvements to this date.

It is handsomely painted red and green, with red stripes, and presents a beautiful appearance. Those parts which are not painted are either polished or japanned. We warrant the Saw to be just as herein stated, and we know it will give entire satisfaction, being a more expensive machine than those which we formerly sold for $25.

It consists of, first, a SCROLL-SAW, with Tilting-Table for inlaid work; arms 18 inches in the clear; clamps which will hold saws of any length or width, and face them in four different directions; cutting lumber from one-sixteenth to one inch in thickness; speed, 1000 strokes per minute.

Second, a CIRCULAR SAW, two and one-half inches in diameter, which will cut lumber one-half inch and less; with an iron table, four by five inches.

Third, a DRILLING ATTACHMENT, with six Stubbs's Steel Drills, of various sizes, for wood or iron work.

Fourth, an EMERY WHEEL, with wide and narrow rim.

Fifth, a TURNING-LATHE, with iron ways and rest, steel centres, and three best steel turning tools; length of ways, 15 inches; distance between centres, 9 inches; swing, 3 inches; length of slide-rest, 4½ inches; number of revolutions per minute, 7000.

Also, with each machine, six Saw-Blades, a Wrench, Screw-Driver, extra Belt, and two sheets of Designs, with a nice box for the small tools and a box for the whole machine. It is taken apart when shipped, and packed in a box, but the working parts are all left in place, and the frame is put together again by a single bolt.

Price for everything above named, $8; the same, without the lathe and circular saw, $6.

When desired, we furnish with the Lathe a very nice Drill-Chuck, for working metal, and a Tail-Stock, with a screw centre, for $2 extra.

No saw will be sent C. O. D. The machine alone weighs 47 lbs., and, with the box, 70 lbs. The express charges on one machine are about $2 for 1000 miles, and about half as much by fast freight. Two machines by freight go at about the same price as one. Money may be sent by mail, by Post-Office Order, registered letter, or draft on New York. For sale by dealers at same price, with the addition of a reasonable amount for freight.

We also keep a full stock of Tools and Supplies in the Bracket-Sawing line.

MILLER'S FALLS CO.,
74 Chambers St., N. Y.

R. CAMPBELL, Manufacturer & Importer of **Fine Saddlery,**
No. 54 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A splendid opportunity to acquire a valuable and convenient library at an insignificant outlay of money.—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY:

ROMANCE, BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, FINANCE, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

50 ENTERTAINING VOLUMES FOR $10.

15 CENTS EACH.

The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman.
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

20 CENTS EACH.

Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated.
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt.
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith.
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.
Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.
Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton. By George Eliot.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England.
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray.
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.

25 CENTS EACH.

Tales from Shakespeare. Comedies.
Tales from Shakespeare. Tragedies.
When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant and Rice.
Early England. By Fred. York-Powell.
England a Continental Power. By L. Creighton.
Rise of the People. By James Rowley.
Tudors and the Reformation. By M. Creighton.
Struggle against Absolute Monarchy. B. M. Cordery.
University Life in Anc't Athens. By W. W. Capes.
Primer of Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.
Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar*.
Virginia. A Roman Sketch.
The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.
Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.
Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.
Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.
The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.
William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.
Samuel Johnson. By Lord Macaulay.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.
Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.
Machiavelli—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.
John Milton—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.
My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. Besant and Rice.
Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.
David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.
Moltke's Letters from Russia. Tr'd by Grace Bigelow.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *A complete set of the above fifty volumes will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Ten Dollars.*

The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A Shadow on the Threshold.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Nora's Love-Test," "Under the Will," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"Jeanie, Jeanie, come in and make the tea, will you? while I prepare Aunt Charlotte a special slice of toast."

I go at once in answer to Lottie's summons, and a minute afterward I am very glad, for I hear Mr. Carden's soft slow step enter the shop and loiter there. I dare not go back and light the gas, for fear of any one seeing my eyes. Father still sits silent beside the fire, bending over it in a feeble, shrinking way which goes to my heart. Yet I dare not—just yet—make the room cheerful with light, because it might shock him so to look at me—just yet. I try to talk while I make the tea, but my words are so unsteady and so low that I stop them, with a burning rush of crimson in my cheeks. Am I to be so weak and useless now that Philip has gone? Does not life hold the same duties for me that it held yesterday?

"Father," I whisper, in a new yearning to be near him, "now we are all together, and— Father dear, why do you start? What did you hear?"

"Listen! whose step is that?"

I see upon his face the fear that this is the step for which he has been listening all this grievous day, and I can only silently kiss his wan raised face. But ah! from the first moment *I* knew whose step it was; and I press my hand upon my heart, trying to still its beating. Dare I meet Philip again, when I know what agony will follow in another farewell? Lottie has recognized the step now, and has gone into the shop without hesitation. "Philip," she says, through the gloom, "will you light the gas for me?"

I hear her easy, natural question, and then Philip's low and hurried tones. Then there is a silence; the gas-light bursts on us all, and—Lottie calls me.

"Jeanie," Philip says, while I look piteously into his tired face, "I left my ticket here. Have you taken it away?"

He is searching hurriedly even as he speaks, opening every book or piece of paper on the counter, stooping and seeking on the floor. And I hunt too in silence.

"What ticket is it?" Lottie asks, turning the gas still higher.

I hear Philip tell her, going on with his search the while; and then, quite suddenly, she bursts into childish, passionate crying.

"My dear," he says, soothing and quieting her, like the brother he has always been to her, "I shall soon be home again—very soon. And—and you have Jeanie."

But now—born, I think, in the shock of my little sister's sudden grief, and the consciousness that father is coming to us, and will suffer too—a strange, involuntary resolution seizes me.

"Philip," I whisper, not caring how he looks into my eyes now, for they are piteously pleading with him, "your ticket is lost, and you can not go to-night. Oh, forget it, Philip, just for this one evening, and come and cheer us all. We are so unhappy, Philip. Father is so sad to-day, and he fears— Oh, my dear, stay just one day!"

"Love," he answers, in intense and quiet earnestness, "if my ticket had *not* been lost, your entreaty would have kept me. Let the ticket go. I can walk to Liverpool in time, but this evening I may never have again. Dear, I will take this happiness instead."

So we go back into the parlor, almost cheerfully—Lottie quite cheerfully—and we don't lower the gas again, because we say it will cheer father to see the shop look so bright and comfortable. Then Philip lights the parlor gas, and makes himself one of us in a moment, as he can always so easily and brightly do; talking especially to Aunt Charlotte, as if he felt that the only cloud lay there, and he will scatter it if he can.

When tea is quite ready, and every thing looking bright and cheerful, I come up behind father's chair and whisper to him,

"May I ask Mr. Carden down to tea, father? He has been loitering about the house all day, and has asked for nothing. He even has had no fire."

"Will there be enough for—for you all?" father asks, with a new pitiful hesitation, as he looks round at the table.

"Plenty for us all and for him," I answer, cheerfully; for there *is* plenty, such as it is. However bare the table may be in the morning or at mid-day, we never let it be so at night, when father is at home. So when I tell him this, he seems very glad to let me go and invite our lodger. As I leave the room I turn and give a look around it. We have made it so warm and bright to-night! The little boys are both close to father, talking merrily. Philip is—well, just at that moment he is looking after me with a smile. Lottie is joining in the talk as she leans over the back of Aunt Charlotte's big easy-chair, and even Aunt Charlotte is listening without a complaint. This room is the very heart of home to me, and holds all I love, so no wonder the picture (though so simple and so bare of elegance or abundance) is very beautiful to me.

Mr. Carden is writing busily when I enter his chilly room, but he puts down his pen while he listens to father's message.

"Your father sent you, did he?" he asks me, rather skeptically. "How many of you are down stairs?"

"We are all there," I answer, "and Philip Aston."

Why will the color always come so vividly into my face when Mr. Carden mentions Philip to me, or I mention Philip to Mr. Carden? It is just as if I *minded* that searching look he gives me.

"Do come, Mr. Carden," I urge, the coldness of his solitary room striking dismally upon me in contrast to the one I have left. "Do; we all wish it so much."

"Has—Mr. Aston quite decided to go out to America in his penniless condition?"

"There is nothing else for him to do," I answer, unwillingly.

Taking up his pen again, he thanks me, but will not come to-night, he says. Then, when by another plea I oblige him to look up once more and answer me, he does it even with a broader and more lengthy smile than usual, which makes me feel quite sure that he has seen the handbills, and not only is afraid of dropping his disguise, but even of leaving his room. So I hasten down stairs that I may bring him up a little tray of tea for himself. At the parlor door Philip meets me, and in that tender, pitying glance of his I read *something* which, though it makes my heart beat so fast, and prepares me for another sorrow, instead of making me a coward, strengthens me to go on into the room that had been so bright and happy when I looked back upon it as the heart of home. All its peaceful homeliness seems gone. The loving voices that made its atmosphere so pleasant are silent, the loving faces that brightened it are shadowed now. Aunt Charlotte is crying noisily, Lottie has taken the boys to the far end of the room, and father, leaning for support on the chair from which he has risen, is listening with bent head while a strange man speaks to him rather fast and loud. I have never seen the man before, but of course I know in a moment for what he has come. Even if I had not learned from father to be expecting him, I should read it all just then in poor father's attitude. In a moment I am beside him, my hand slipped through his arm.

"Come, father, tea is waiting. I did my best, but Mr. Carden will not come."

I suppose it is a relief to them all to hear my homely voice, and to see me pass by this man as if he were not there; for somehow the oppression is lifted a little, and the atmosphere a shade less miserable.

Father comes to the table with me almost mechanically, while the strange man draws up a chair for himself at the fire.

"I'll trouble you to rise a moment," Philip says—and this is the first time I ever heard him speak authoritatively; and when the man rises, Philip places his chair for him in a distant corner.

"Now, Aunt Charlotte," he says, offering her his arm; and for the first time for years she leaves her fireside chair and joins us at the table.

Father notices this in a moment, and smiles and lays his hands on hers with a kind of unspoken congratulation. Lottie looks across at Philip, and nods her thanks to him for achieving this; but Philip only throws a meaning glance behind him, at the man, to indicate that it is *his* proximity which has influenced Aunt Charlotte.

Philip scarcely touches his tea, and soon rises and comes to whisper to me. He must see if any thing can be had to relieve us from this new misery, he says, in a troubled, feverish way.

Then he turns to the man, and, in a strange quite pleasant way, tempts him out into the shop, and chats with him there, until he leaves him, sitting at the counter like a customer, with the *Echo* in his hand.

Then we have a long quiet talk, broken by heavy pauses; but we find there is nothing we can do now to stop our fall.

"It will be very hard upon you, Charlotte," poor father says. And then Aunt Charlotte, who has been crying all the time, stops her tears, and moans in her misery.

"Father, the hundred pounds would save us!"

It doesn't sound like *my* voice whispering these words, yet I feel them rush from my heart and from my lips, rapidly and feverishly; and I hold them in my thoughts closely, as we hold the love of life.

Father turns, as if listening to a voice he did not recognize, then he shakes his head slowly with a long indrawn breath.

"Jeanie, that was scarcely your own thought, my child. Would you bring worse upon him than we have to bear ourselves? He will be turned adrift—when we are."

As father speaks, a sudden thought flashes into my mind. What may not this turning adrift be to the stranger up stairs if he is not warned in time? Without allowing myself a moment's hesitation, I run softly up to my own room, and unlocking my private drawer, take that printed handbill from it. Then, with it hidden in my hand, I enter Mr. Carden's room, close the door behind me, and go up to him where he sits at the table, still writing. I am a little out of breath, and I know my cheeks are pale and my lips unsteady, so no wonder he looks up at me with real astonishment. But he waits in silence for what I have to say. I am quite used now to his not rising, as Philip does, while I stand.

"Mr. Carden," I say—and I am sure I look frightened enough even to frighten him, yet he sits and waits and listens unmoved—"there is a man down stairs—you understand? He will stay till—till all we have is taken away. If there is any—any reason why you or—or your luggage should not be—recognized, won't it be safer for you to go away first—now? If it will be unsafe—please try to understand me!—for you, or any thing of yours, to be seen here, please go into safety to-night, or early in the morning. I will arrange it, if you—will be ready."

He has listened to me without a movement of face or figure, and he does not speak, even now that I pause. But his eyes are lowered from my face—I think in his surprise and fear.

"Never mind about the rent," I go on, hurrying my words, partly in pity for him, partly in my own nervousness. "Father does not mind, only—only please go if there is danger for you in staying here. I will make it easy for you. You need not tell me what time you choose. I shall not go to bed to-night, and it will be—all right. Go softly, and even if I do not hear, I will be sure to make all right after your departure. Oh! I *hope* you understand."

He speaks at last, coldly and stiffly. "What right have you to suspect me?"

"It is no question of suspicion, Mr. Carden."

"Does your—does that man whom you are going to marry suspect me too?"

Ah! it is such a cold and solitary room, and he has so much to fear! Though my pulses quicken, my passion can not live in such misery as I know now, both for ourselves and him.

"Philip knows you only as our lodger. He knows of no debt of yours to us, and suspects no cause for your—concealment. He never could."

"And your father?" Mr. Carden goes on, still quite unmoved, it seems to me, "does he suspect me too? Was it he who sent you to me now?"

"No; I came of my own accord. Father is too much troubled just now to feel more than sorrow at the thought of your being turned from home—as we shall be."

"He said that, did he? And the old lady—your aunt?"

"She is only crying." And now I too am crying, in a very passion of misery, hard as I try to help being a baby in this man's presence.

"That helps you greatly, doesn't it?" he asks, in his iciest way, "with those three children, too. Now tell me how you came to suspect—for you do, I know, even if no one else in the house does."

For my answer, I put the printed paper (folded as it was) down upon the table beside him.

"No one has seen it," I say, trembling, "but myself and father. Keep it, please. Your—your secret is quite safe with us."

"Stop!" he cries, suddenly and quite loudly, as I turn away. "Why are you hurrying away? Tell me"—his tones grow even sharper with each word—"tell me whether you have friends to go to?"

"No."

He is putting the paper unopened into his pocket—knowing so well, of course, what it contains—and there is no touch of pity or of sympathy in his voice.

"No friends? Why has your father made himself no friends to help him in his need?"

"You have no right to question me so," I say, looking fiercely at him through my tears.

"No, no right," he answers, a little less ungently. "I only thought it so strange that your father, who seems to have many good qualities, should have no friend to help him in such a time as this. Your little sister told me once she had an uncle somewhere. Surely you can go to him."

"No," I say; but of course I will not tell this stranger a word against my own father's brother.

"Has he behaved badly to you or to your father, then?"

"I never knew him, and father never speaks of him."

"He is not a scamp, then?" Mr. Carden asks, still in that stony, unfeeling way of his.

"Certainly not; he is my father's brother"—for would I let this stranger into secrets which father himself has always kept so sacredly, even from us? "Now, Mr. Carden, will you bid me good-by?"

"But," he says, rising at last, "tell me where to find you, if—I come back."

"I can not," I say, brokenly. "I do not know. And you may—not come. I hope you have somewhere you can go. I—I wish it were different for—you, as well as for—us all. Please say good-by, and—remember, it will be quite safe for you to pass out—to-night; and—and your secret is very safe with us—very safe."

"I will prepare to go, as you advise, but I will not say good-by to you alone. I will call in and say it to you all together."

I tell him, in a troubled way (for somehow, strange as it may seem, I am almost as troubled for him to-night as for ourselves; quite, indeed, for is he not alone and in hiding, and have we not each other?), that it will not be wise. But he says nothing more to me, and as I leave the room I see him at once open the little hair trunk and begin to pack.

CHAPTER XII.

We try our best, all of us, to make this evening seem like other evenings; but of course we fail. The strange man keeps his seat in the shop till about nine o'clock, when I miss him. I know he can only have gone to the tavern a few doors off, but I am delighted that the house should be free of him even for those few minutes. The children go to bed now, but father still plods patiently through the shop books, groping for some way out of our difficulty. Philip has not returned to us yet, and though I try not to think of it, Lottie whispers to me how tired he will be, because he had had a hard day's walking before he started.

Lottie herself is crocheting without a pause, just as if she felt that we were all dependent on her fingers now. I am helping father—at least trying to make the accounts smooth and straightforward to him. So another hour goes by, and then Aunt Charlotte tells me I may help her up stairs. I try my best to tempt her to take something before she goes, but she is low and spiritless, and will not listen to me.

"Steven," she asks, pausing beside father on her way, "is there *no* way for us out of this trouble?"

Father looks up. His gray hair is pushed from his haggard face, but there is for her the shadow of his old smile still.

"Only by passing through it, my dear."

"Where are we to sleep to-morrow night? In the streets?"

"I hope not, Charlotte—I hope not. But don't let us live through the troubles of to-morrow till they come. We shall bear them then—God helping us."

"But we may not be able," she says, not bitterly now so much as sadly; and then she lays her hand on father's shoulder.

"Steve"—ah! I can see by his face that this name, from her lips, carries him, swift as thought, to those old times he never speaks of—"you needn't try to make light of it to me. We can all read what it is to you. Through all your life you have tried to make troubles lighter for—for us all. We—*I* ought now to be softening this for you."

He can not speak—poor father!—in his glad surprise. He takes Aunt Charlotte's hand from his shoulder, and holds it tightly in his. She understands, just as *he* understands, the change this evening has shown him in her.

"From to-night," she says, softly, "I will try—God helping me, as you say, Steve—to be different."

When I have left Aunt Charlotte in bed, and very gratefully returned the unusually gentle kiss she gives me, I creep in to Lottie's room, where she stands in the dark, crying pitifully, with her head in her hands.

"Oh, Jean!" she sobs, without uncovering her wet eyes, "after to-night what shall we do, homeless, penniless?"

I am not a bit more brave and trusting than she is, so we can only cry together in the darkness there, just for those few minutes which we can spare to be together, where we need not hide our sorrow.

The little boys are wide-awake when I go noiselessly into their room, and to-night their arms close round me as if they were afraid to let me go.

As I go down the lower stairs, Philip comes up one or two and meets me, and though it is dark, and I can not see his face, I know at once by his step that he has met with only disappointment.

"I can not borrow the money, Jeanie," he says, hurrying to tell me, but holding me the while so tenderly and protectingly that he tells me thus unspokenly how he *would* guard me, if he could, from hardship such as this. "I have tried every one I know, and can not. Now I am going to your landlord, just to—just to"—Philip repeats, trying to speak quite airily of this new and futile idea—"just to put a case to him. I saw a light in his windows as I passed, so I shall find him. Will you wait up for me for half an hour? Oh, my love, if I could but bear all this for you! I thought my own disappointments and privations hard to bear, but they seem nothing now when I feel what it may be to leave you unsettled and—in need."

"Philip," I whisper, nervously unclasping his hands from about me, as a door above us softly opens, and I know that Mr. Carden is coming now to make his escape, "please go." (For I know Philip far, far too well to fear that he will misconstrue me.) "I will wait up for you if you are all night away. Let me bolt the door behind you. Oh, how I always miss you, Philip!"

One minute afterward he has gone out into the almost quiet street, and I have closed the door as loudly as I can, that Mr. Carden (if he is listening and waiting) may feel quite sure the way is clear for him now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

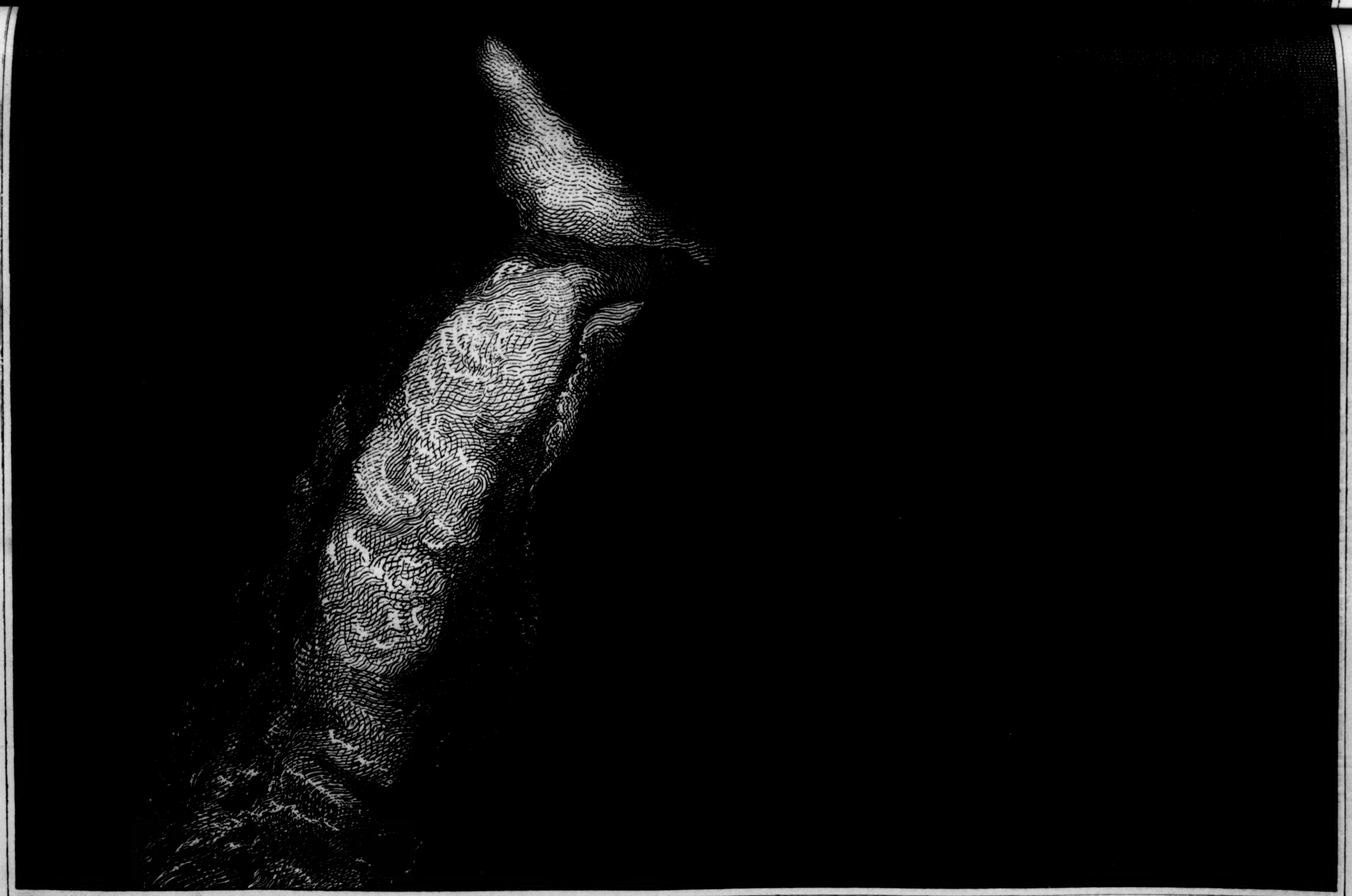
A NEW PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Oscar Marshall, the publisher, we print in this week's issue a copy of a new portrait of Washington, the original plate being the work of Mr. William E. Marshall, artist.

Mr. Marshall, in composing this portrait, has had recourse to the best—in fact, to the only authentic—material in existence. He has adhered almost exclusively to the *original* life cast made by Houdon. This artist came to the United States in the same ship with Dr. Franklin in 1785, having been commissioned by Jefferson to make a statue of Washington for the State of Virginia, and proceeded almost immediately to Mount Vernon, where he remained a week, taking in that time casts from the face, head, and shoulders of his subject. It is said that he made casts from other parts of the frame, to facilitate his studies for the statue. The bust formerly known as Houdon's is from this statue, and was thought by many to be the cast that was made from life, though it is considerably larger than life size. We understand that Mr. Marshall, when about to engrave the Stuart portrait, consulted this bust, supposing it to be the original; and finding it no better than, and in many essentials inferior to, the Athenæum portrait, he concluded to render that painting.

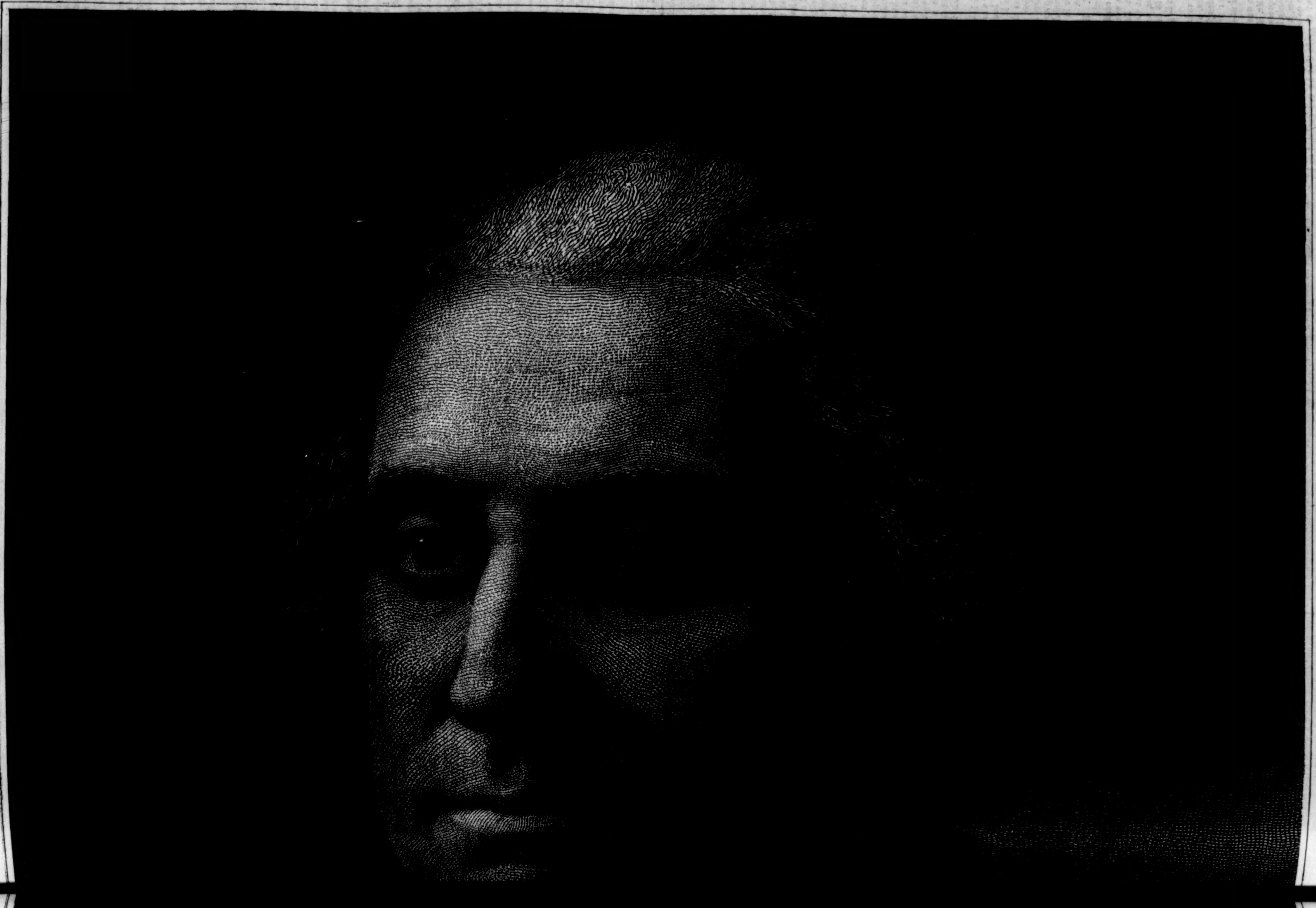
The original cast was brought to this city during the winter of 1873–74, and it was at that time Mr. Marshall decided to engrave the new portrait now given to the public. To any one who makes a thoroughly artistic examination of this cast it will be evident that it is genuine, that it was really made from the living features of its subject. It is, indeed, so perfect a fac-simile, and so convincingly impresses one with being the double, the absolute reproduction of life, that it is difficult to conceive how Houdon could have made it, unless he used some other material than plaster, for the mould was made over the head and bust while in an upright position. It is possible that he was then in possession of the gelatinous composition now in use by sculptors.

Proofs of this portrait, printed from the original plate on fine plate-paper, can be obtained, at fifty cents each, by remitting before April 1 to the publisher, Oscar Marshall, 245 Broadway, New York.



COPYRIGHT 1878 BY OSCAR MARSHALL 245 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

PAINTED AND ENGRAVED BY WM E. MARSHALL FROM THE ORIGINAL CAST FROM LIFE BY HOUDON 1785.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—From the Painting by William E. Marshall.—[See Page 181.]